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MR. HARDING'S ancestry does not interest us in the least. It may be true, as cynics say, that Harding's election proves the truth of the old American adage that "any boy born in America may become President," but whatever the unpleasant truth of politics, the only test of a Presidential candidate ought to be his fitness for the office as proved by his own record. The scandalous underhandedness of the whispering campaign of the Democrats, and the indignation of the Republicans at the suggestion that their candidate might have Negro blood in his veins, only prove the spuriousness of all their protestations of belief in equal rights for black and white. It is to the credit of the *World* that alone among the New York newspapers it spoke out in this matter declaring that there was in the story "nothing that reflects in the slightest degree upon his [Harding's] character or his capacity." It is a reproach to the intelligence of the American people that a trace of black blood should be a bar to any job, office, or position for which the capacity of a man fits him, and it is moreover, a crime against the very soul of our institutions and our democracy to talk of the suggestion of Negro blood in anyone's veins as an "unspeakable disgrace."

IF you call a sheep's tail a leg, the answer to the old conundrum runs, a sheep still has only four legs. And if you call black white, and say that all is and has been well in Haiti, black is still black and conditions in Haiti are unchanged by the statement. All is harmonious at the sessions of Mr. Daniels's committee of admirals investigating Haiti, and black is painstakingly labelled white, or gray at most; General Barnett has reduced the Haitian casualty list from 3,250 to 2,250 (which is still 183 Haitians to every American killed) and, after first reporting that 1,763 Haitians were killed in the attack on Port-au-Prince on January 15, 1920, and in the operations immediately following, he now gives ninety as the total number of Haitians killed in all the first six months of 1920. The "indiscriminate killing" is being reduced to two cases; in fact it is perfectly plain that this investigation is no investigation, but a mere deprecation. Senator McCormick promises a Congressional committee which will really investigate. If it investigates fearlessly and fully, on the spot and in the United States, and calls before it, not the commanding officers, but privates in the Marine Corps and Haitians, it will learn that but a small fraction of the truth has yet been told, and that the story of torture, coercion, and murder in Haiti and Santo Domingo is one to bring a hot blush of shame to every decent American cheek. The present official whitewashing only adds to the heat of it.

UNCHANGING is the imperialist mind and unaffected by differences in climate or by the experiences of others. The legal murder of Edith Cavell was worth at least two army corps in recruits to the British forces; no other single event on land did so much to consolidate the public opinion of the world against Germany. It is, and will always be, a classic example of German militarist stupidity. But that the English imperialists have learned nothing from it is perfectly apparent from the readiness with which they have sacrificed Terence MacSwiney. Doubtless Lloyd George, Carson, Balfour and Bonar Law are quite satisfied that the law has been thus "vindicated"—poor short-sighted imperialists that they are, they can look no further than Von Bissing. If they could, they would realize that the power of that man's self-sacrifice has thrilled the world. Even our jingo newspapers have spoken respectfully of him. The New York *Herald*, ultra-conservative, declares, that in starving himself MacSwiney richly fed the Sinn Fein cause. From Ireland comes the word that, long delayed as it was, the death of the Lord Mayor of Cork "firmly united all the Republicans and their sympathizers. Terence MacSwiney has accomplished his purpose." "The French press," reads a cable to the New York *Tribune*, "is unanimous in expressing sympathy with the Sinn Feiners. Some give expression to strong anti-British sentiments." Had the English Government let him out after twenty days, his self-starvation would have been forgotten in a week. As it is, a whole world grieves.

WHILE thousands of men and women watched the body of Terence MacSwiney laid to rest in the "Republican plot" of the cemetery at Cork, while hundreds of thousands in Ireland mourned and hundreds of thousands in America gathered in great meetings to pledge their faith to the nation that Terence MacSwiney died to save, while

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the world seemed hushed in momentary realization of the value of human heroism, the Irish town of Templemore was still quivering after a night of terror at the hands of a band of drunken British regulars. That British troops should avenge the killing of three soldiers by an armed attack with petrol and hatchets and guns on the innocent inhabitants of an undefended town would be bad at any time. But that the moment when Ireland seemed sobered and softened rather than inflamed by the death of her martyrs should be chosen for this exhibition of military terror vividly illuminates the grave danger of the situation. We wonder if the British fully realize the effect of such methods on the American people as well as the Irish. Not only the hundreds of thousands of Americans that filled halls and stadiums in New York and Boston and Philadelphia to honor Terence MacSwiney, but the great mass of decent men and women everywhere are being filled with a dangerous resentment. Each hour renders clearer the need of a rapid solution of the present crisis if the peace of the world is not to be endangered.

THE renunciation last week by Great Britain, two years after the cessation of hostilities, of the right of confiscation of German property is a notable act of conciliation and good faith. It marks a long step toward peace and a return to the fair and honorable dealing which war makes anathema. Elsewhere in this issue *The Nation* prints an article on our alien property custody—or rather confiscation—which makes clear our duty to follow promptly Great Britain's example and to erase as far as possible a discreditable and wholly unnecessary chapter of our war making, one whose continuance brings needless suffering and fear of total loss of income and property to thousands of women and children, widows and orphans, aged and infirm whose sole support was derived from funds invested on this side.

A BIT of comedy and a heavy dose of tragedy, thrice-told fish-tales, a little sinister intrigue and a little unlimited ignorance—stir them up with a pinch of red ink, and the recipe still holds for Russian news, good, bad, or indifferent. The proportions vary, but the ingredients are the same. Now we have it on the word of Chicherin that Mr. Washington D. Vanderlip and a group of Pacific Coast "magnates" have taken from the Soviet Government a concession for Kamchatka. The magnates do not deny it, and Mr. Bainbridge Colby, our ineffable Secretary of State, even adds to the story a morsel of his own usual authoritative information. He says that an American official in the Baltic told him that somebody said that H. G. Wells said that Lenin said that Vanderlip said that he in some way represented Mr. Harding. Well, it may be so, and then again it may not; the fact that Mr. Colby says it is sheds little light on the matter. But the Kamchatka peninsula is a bleak and barren region, where a really warm summer day sends the temperature up to 54; it is very far from Soviet Russia, and if it is under anyone's control today, it is under Japanese control. So the news that the owner of that bitter anti-union sheet, the Los Angeles *Times*, and Mr. E. L. Doheny, of Mexican oil fame, were interested with Mr. Vanderlip in opening up Soviet Russia, via Kamchatka, to foreign trade, becomes more curious still, and the fact that all these magnates come from a Japanese-hating section may shed even more light on the proportions of the ingredients of the present recipe.

CUBA'S moratorium, like the Japanese panic of April and May, is but an acute local symptom of the world process of deflation through which all nations will have to pass in the coming decade. When the bottom dropped out of the silk and cotton markets, and the price of raw materials was cut in half, Japanese merchants who had speculated on the basis of the inflated war and armistice prices were caught, and banks and stock exchanges were closed while temporary adjustments were being made. Cuba's difficulties are similarly caused by the sensational drop in the price of sugar and rice. Sugar alone accounts for three-quarters of Cuba's total exports, and when the artificially high prices in the United States broke, Cuban banks, which had been lending on the basis of prices one hundred and fifty per cent in excess of those now prevailing, were inevitably short. American bankers can tide Cuba over her present crisis, but the adjustment must be disastrous for many who had speculated upon the high prices. A similar process is inevitable elsewhere; and just as the burden of war prices was borne by the workingmen and middle classes, so the onus of deflation is discharged upon the workmen in the form of lowered wages and jobs abolished, while retail prices drag far behind raw materials in the promised price drop.

FROM Berlin we have received a cablegram begging for American aid because the Allies are now demanding 810,000 cows in four yearly instalments in addition to the 140,000 required within three months of the signature of the Treaty of Versailles as part of the restitution to France and to Belgium. If Germany obeys this order, so the cablegram reads, it means the death of thousands upon thousands of children—most of them born since the Armistice—and a grave blow at the vitality of the aged and the sick. We heartily wish that the Allies might have played the part of good Samaritans, particularly as there is now far less distress for lack of milk in Belgium or France than in the countries of their recent enemies. Berlin now has only 190,000 liters of milk per day as against 1,000,000 before the war. But if the Allies insist upon their pound of flesh, the Germans must do their share—their rulers had no thought of the French and Belgian children during the war. As the Germans promptly yielded the ships and docks demanded of them, are giving up their arms and are lately delivering the coal pledged in larger than specified quantities, so will they doubtless yield the cattle asked. But this means that The Friends' Relief Committee in Germany will have to work harder than ever and that American generosity will have to make still greater sacrifices for the innocent victims of the Versailles Treaty. It is a great opportunity for our German-Americans and we hope that they will live up to it. They have by no means gone deeply into their pockets—not even in response to Mr. Hoover's appeals. There are ships in plenty to be had, and there has been such a marked falling off in the export of condensed milk from this country that it would be a godsend to the industry if it should now receive large orders for shipment abroad.

CIVIL war continues in the West Virginia mine region, and civil war is likely to break out at any time in the Alabama mines. Shootings, such as that of October 31, are more or less chronic in the company-owned towns of Mingo County, West Virginia, where the miners are unorganized, and until the conditions described by Mr. Arthur Gleason

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in *The Nation* last May are remedied murder is likely to continue. The mines of Alabama have been under martial law for a month, and the State Federation of Labor has just demanded the impeachment of Governor Kilby for defying the State Constitution in suppressing the civil rights of free speech and free assembly. The Alabama mines are non-union mines; they defied the Federal government during the war and refused to carry out many of the Garfield awards; today they are surrounded by barbed wire fences, and workers are allowed to enter only upon showing a pass. American Federation of Labor organizers on occasion have been tarred and feathered and driven out of the mine towns; today, by order of Brigadier General Steiner, commanding the State troops in the region, mass meetings and processions are forbidden, and the unions cannot hold even private business meetings except upon giving notice to the troops, who sit in at these meetings and occasionally stop them to arrest a speaker who, they think, goes "too far." Such repression inevitably breeds revolt; but it has achieved unintended good in that it has given rise to a new sense of comradeship between colored and white miners.

IS the general public for militarism? Delaware County, New York, answered that question with a decided and unmistakable No! in this year's primaries. John D. Clarke, candidate for Congress on the Republican ticket, came out squarely against peace-time conscription. His opponent declined to take a stand on the matter. The largest number of voters turned out that the county has ever seen, double the number of last year, and gave 3,543 votes to Clarke out of something over 4,700. The vote for the Republican candidate for Governor was several hundred less than for Congressman, so that there can be no question where the interests and sympathies of the people lay. Some day there may be a national referendum on the same question, and there is little doubt that the answer, if not perhaps so overwhelming, would be the same. Meanwhile, we pay our warmest respects to the editor of the Walton *Reporter*, a Democratic journal in a Republican county, who by his brave pen has sent this Congressman to Washington—nomination is equivalent to election. No wonder this gallant editor, Mr. John P. White, has won for his paper the largest circulation of any rural weekly in New York State. A Democrat who can control a Republican primary is a wonder anywhere. Fortunately his cause was of the best.

IN the "Clansman," that epic of one hundred per cent American race hatred, the hooded knights of the Ku Klux find guilty and "execute" a Negro because the Klan physicians (all leading citizens, these clansmen!) when peering into the terrified victim's eye discovered upon the retina an image of the "slain girl's face." Retinal photography is, of course, a myth, as impossible a feat as recovering the sound of an explosion by listening at the blast victim's ear. The night-riders of 1920 hand out the same brand of "rough justice" but their sphere of activity is much enlarged. Take it from the words of their own "Imperial Wizard," Colonel William J. Simmons. "It is designed," he says, "to memorialize the clan of the reconstruction period and to perpetuate the principles for which it stood." (That means you, Negroes!) "Its membership is composed of native-born white American citizens who owe no allegiance to any foreign power or organization, religious or political." (No Catholics need apply.) "It stands for the preservation of American ideals and institutions, the protection of the home and the chastity of womanhood, the maintenance of the blood-bought rights and liberties of the Anglo-Saxon Race." And that, of course, includes labor leaders who are against the "blood-bought right" of exploiting workers, cotton ginners who will not cooperate in the "American ideal" of keeping the price of cotton up, and persons in general toward whom an imperial, royal or ducal wizard may happen to feel feudishly inclined. Yes, it is wholly natural that the renascent knights have enlarged their scope and, in addition to "the principles for which it stood," are carrying a side-line of anti-Catholic, anti-labor, anti-liberal propaganda.

IN discussing, in our issue of September 25, the Root plan for an international court we pointed out that the court could not rise higher than its source, which was the Covenant of the League of Nations, and that the Covenant hamstrung the court by specifying that a party to a dispute could not be brought into court save by his consent. The Root draft undertook to overrule this by providing obligatory jurisdiction. Last week it was submitted to the Council of the League of Nations at Brussels, which promptly declared that it could not recommend the obligatory jurisdiction for the precise reason that the plan "went further than the Covenant." If our forecast was correct, we take only a melancholy satisfaction in it. For any world court to succeed, obligatory jurisdiction over all parties to a dispute is essential. The most discouraging feature of it all is that Norway and Denmark, two small nations, were the ones that protested at Brussels—the very type of nation that ought to cherish the idea of a court that could compel the attendance of any great bully of a country as well as the smallest member of the family of nations. Discouraging as this is, it simply means that there is more educational work to be done.

THE war and its aftermath have numbed the power of quick and sensitive sympathy. What can the individual do against a world in ruins? But the intellectual workers of America must let no fatalism or sluggishness overcome them in the matter of the distress of the creative spirits of Europe. This distress is by no means confined to Central or Eastern Europe. A recent letter from M. Paul Fort, assuredly one of the glories of contemporary France, depicts his pitiful case. With his aged parents, his wife and three small children, he is living in a single unheated attic room. The *Mercure de France* will not publish his new volume. Paper is too high. In the name of his war services he applied for government relief. But France has no funds today for the men and the interests on which her true fame rests. Last summer Hugo von Hofmannsthal, once heir to a considerable estate, always an internationalist in the noblest sense, begged for nourishing food for his adolescent children. If such is the condition of men of the stature and reputation of Fort and Hofmannsthal, it is not difficult to picture to oneself the dire misery of lesser men—especially of those younger creative spirits in all the arts on whom, quite literally, rests not only the hope of their own country but of the world. Here is a task for our faculty and authors' clubs, our poetry societies and drama leagues, which will be far more productive of fine scholarship, of poetry and of drama than many of the activities in which they are now engaged. Bread cast upon these waters will come back in the form of permanent spiritual values.

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The Defeat of Wilsonism

TO the fable of Phaethon must one turn for any analogy to the fate which has overtaken Woodrow Wilson—the one fell from the heavens after his wild ride in the chariot of the Sun-God; the other has fallen from the highest pinnacle of human hopes and aspirations which any modern has attained. Rejected now by millions of his countrymen and countrywomen, he is at once the most tragic and the most guilty figure on the globe. Less than two years ago he sailed for Paris bearing with him a charter of liberty for the race; upon him were centered the faith and all the hopes of the plain people of the whole world. Alas, no one could measure the disappointment and the heartbreak with which those who had knelt before him, actually and spiritually, witnessed the revelation that the new Moses was of such common clay as to abandon the tablets upon which he had himself inscribed another Messianic code for the government of tribes and nations, that he had stooped to scramble in the market-place of the victors. At once the hero fell from his pedestal; months ago Europe lost the last vestige of interest in Woodrow Wilson. Today we have the final touch in the crushing repudiation of the man and his works by his own people, and the tragedy becomes the grimmer, the more pitiful, when one considers the physical suffering of the man, for whom every humane heart can hold only pity. History may yet judge that there was a pathological reason for the disaster of Paris.

For the philosopher and moralist there is material in this overwhelming tragedy for themes without end in the centuries to come. Terrible as it is, it is also profoundly stimulating, for, paradoxically, it is both disheartening and full of encouragement to struggling humanity. If Woodrow Wilson fell as fell the angels, let us rejoice that his true measure was so quickly taken, that so correct a judgment has been passed upon him. There is no room here for lasting discouragement and no time for vain regrets. The unerring instinct of the plain American people has, in a situation of extraordinary complexity, administered a rebuke so stunning as to carry its warning for generations to those who espouse liberalism and then betray it; to that most dangerous of politicians, the pseudo-liberal, who stops at no compromise, who in the supreme hour when liberalism is put to the test takes on the manner and thought of the reactionary; to the politician who, voicing the loftiest of ideals, finds himself unable to give these ideals reality and substance when the final opportunity is at hand. That in order to administer this rebuke the American people felt itself compelled to the choice of the candidate of a group who mean still less well for the Republic is the dark side to the shield. *The Nation* would have had the people destroy both the old parties; but one at a time has been the popular decision in the absence of a real and vigorous liberal party and liberal leadership. There are times when the fire seems entirely preferable to the frying pan—if one does not dare to try for the hearth beyond. In this instance it was perhaps inevitable to set the unequivocal seal of disapproval upon the man who has betrayed liberalism in its own home; who was too proud to fight and then fought unnecessarily; who was for peace without victory and then, five months later, was for complete and crushing defeat of the enemy; who by faithlessness to the ideals he helped to set up has done inestimable harm by destroying men's faith in the attainment of the supreme objectives he outlined, and in the possibility of those ideals themselves. We are fortunate, indeed, that the verdict leaves no room for a Burleson or a Palmer to claim that their baseness has met with popular approval.

In place of moral instability and moral insincerity, reaction in all its stark nakedness is eminently preferable. The prime need is to doff sheep's clothing, to have men show clearly under which flag they fight. One can deal frankly with a Leonard Wood or a Harding because with them there is no danger of any illusions, or misunderstandings, or deceptions. One knows where they are to be found, however skilfully balanced their phrases, however apt their opportunism. At least they do not use the language of idealism to conceal their thoughts; they do not address their appeals to the stars when they are bent only upon things earthy, when they are frankly materialistic and frankly for the old order of special privilege and profit. The enemy will be in front and not in the rear ranks. Discouragement? Not for any real liberal. The horizon has cleared. Crass reaction we shall indubitably have to face, and repression and suppression as well. We shall see greater materialism, more control of the processes of government and of our social life by that invisible government which Woodrow Wilson entered office in 1912 to destroy and has left more firmly in the saddle than ever. But if the "New Freedom" is still in the offing, the louder the call to liberals to gird on their spiritual armor. The bigger and the clearer the fight, the better the struggle, the sooner will ideals be clarified and the lines be drawn.

As for Mr. Harding, nothing that he or his party or his campaign speeches have done has affected the result. His election is the gift of Mr. Wilson, and of no one else. The League of Nations debate has appealed only to the intellectuals, and so Mr. Harding's choice was fore-ordained months ago. He receives the greatest office in the world with the slightest record of achievement. Upon his lap has been placed this prize through no effort of his own, first by act of a small group of professional politicians at Chicago, and secondly, by the vote of the people given with no enthusiasm and often with the profoundest shame that such a choice should be laid before the American electorate. His negative campaign, his unimpressive personality, his inability to arouse popular interest in himself or his cause—all these bode ill for the success of his administration. For him we have few congratulations and much pity. The great economic forces which are shaping the destinies of the world are likely to have no mercy for him, since he neither understands them nor apprehends their existence. The champion of an outworn order, he can no more oppose the slow sweep of peaceable economic revolt than could King Canute the tide. Moreover, Mr. Harding has not been able to make it clear what position he will take toward the one great achievement of his party, which is the defeat of the Treaty. But of this we may be sure: He will labor in a fiercer light of publicity than has beaten upon any man of late years, and against the system that he represents will stand united the battalions of all the liberals and the progressives and the reformers and those supporters of the League of Nations who have really believed that it promises a better international order.

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British Industry in a Deadlock

THE British coal crisis seems at this writing likely to terminate in a compromise granting the miners an immediate increase but making future wages partially dependent upon output. The fundamental questions of nationalization and control are left untouched. Such peace can only be an armistice while the opposing forces measure their strength for future combat. The miners know that they were worsted in the preliminary negotiations and maneuvered into letting the issue center no longer round a question of principle that clearly concerned every consumer, but round a mere wages issue on which a considerable part of that amorphous mass called the "public" must be against them. From the moment when the miners allowed their original demand for a reduction in the price of coal to fall into the background, it was evident that, if they fought, they would fight at a serious disadvantage. The leaders of the trade unions in other industries clearly did not want a general industrial crisis. Had it come they would sooner or later have thrown in their lot with the miners; but in some cases it would have been done grudgingly or partially.

Something like a deadlock has been reached in the world of labor in Great Britain, and this because the trade unions lost their opportunity immediately after the Armistice. The acute industrial unrest of February, 1919, was a turning-point; the miners were threatening immediate industrial action for public ownership and democratic control of the mines, and in almost every industry, great or small, acute industrial troubles seemed imminent. The Government bought off the miners by what seemed the very big concession of the Royal Commission on the Coal Industry, with a pledge that its recommendations would be carried into effect. It quieted discontent elsewhere by summoning the National Industrial Conference, on which the attitude of the employers clearly showed that they were prepared to make considerable concessions. But by the time these two bodies reported the psychological moment had passed.

The Government refused to carry out the recommendations either of the Coal Industry Commission or of the Industrial Conference, although in the latter case the proposals were put forward unanimously by employers and workers alike. Repeated efforts have been made peacefully to persuade the Government to alter its attitude; but it has come more completely under the domination of the big industrial and financial interests; and these interests, having consolidated their forces and, as they believe, taken their opponents' measure, are less ready to abate any of their powers.

This increased confidence of the British ruling classes is founded partly on the rapid collapse of the artificial industrial prosperity caused by the war, and the rapid return of the unemployment which temporarily ceased during the war years. But when unemployment passes a certain intensity, which it seems likely soon to reach, it changes its effect, especially under present psychological conditions. Men are not prepared to tolerate the perpetual insecurity which has been characteristic of British industrial conditions with the old acquiescence and fatalism; they will now be moved far more easily to positive resentment. The employers, however, have come to believe that the British workers' bark is far worse than their bite, and that there is after all not the substance which they had supposed behind their new policies and their demands for control. One salutary lesson, a good many employers may be heard to say, will serve to prick the bubble of labor extremism.

The outcome, so far, of the miners' dispute may seem to justify this view. It is undoubtedly the case that many of the hopes and fears which have been built on British labor are out of all proportion to the reality, and that labor is still unprepared for any great or decisive step. Still conscious of its weakness even more than of its strength, British labor hesitates, and will for some time hesitate, to fling out to the Government or to the employers a final challenge. It will again, as it has done several times already, march almost up to the ramparts of British capitalism only to beat at the last moment a strategic retreat. But the game of maneuver at which all three parties—employers, Government, and labor—are at present playing is an intricate game. A false move by any of the parties may precipitate a conflict more decisive and widespread than any of them intends, and it would be a very hard-fought and protracted struggle, on the outcome of which neither side could reckon with confidence. Such a situation almost arose on the occasion of the national railway strike of 1919. But both sides accepted a compromise as soon as they realized whither the conflict was tending; and this time again the settlement seems likely to be meaningless and temporary.

Such compromises, however, settle nothing. The root problems which are impeding efficiency and causing a slow disintegration of the economic system are left untouched. At present neither party has the intensity of will necessary for a definite reaction or a clean-cut advance. Great Britain drifts. Drifting steadily worsens the position, and makes the material task of reorganization more difficult. The change of system might still be accomplished peaceably and without a quite chaotic period if the working-class organizations possessed a definitely realized and imagined policy of economic reorganization. They are, indeed, gradually developing that policy; but it is doubtful whether it can reach maturity in time to avert much trouble.

The Rush to the Colleges

THE early reports of college and university enrolment indicate that 1920-21 is to see an even larger number of students than 1919-20 and that the remarkable increase in attendance which has been going on for the past five or six years is still unchecked. Columbia University reports over 16,000 actual candidates for degrees, and probably as many more will receive some sort of instruction from one department or other of the University during the year. The College of the City of New York reports over 15,000; the University of California over 11,000; New York University over 9,000; Boston University and the University of Illinois over 8,000 each; the University of Wisconsin over 7,000; Northwestern University over 6,000; and Chicago, Cornell, and Harvard over 5,000 each. In the smaller institutions there is much the same rise in attendance, in several cases an advance of more than 300 per cent over 1917. The Institute for Public Service has issued an interesting bulletin on the increases from 1914 to 1917, and from 1917 to 1920. The 210 colleges and universities covered by this survey had in 1914 a total enrolment of 187,000; in 1920 the total was 294,000. If they increase by the same

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number of students annually they will have, the Institute for Public Service calculates, 471,000 in 1930 and 831,000 in 1950. If they increase by the same percentage annually, they will have 659,000 in 1930, and 1,138,000 in 1950.

Even though it is highly improbable that the present rate of increase will be maintained for a generation, the certain increases are sufficient to tax the powers of all the higher institutions now in existence. The burden is already great. As every college student in America has ordinarily cost far more than he paid for his education, the effect of the multiplication of students has naturally been a multiplication of annual deficits. Where additional funds were forthcoming from an increase of fees or from gifts the burden has not been altogether unendurable. But in certain of the State universities, where the rise in attendance has been especially marked, the situation is precarious. Many of the States are in the convulsions of economy which regularly follow wars. Needed building cannot be undertaken to house the swarms of students, or to provide them with class-rooms and laboratories. Libraries are suffering. Lecture groups and quiz sections have to be larger than before, and too large for the best results. The heaviest burden falls, as usual, upon the professor, who with only a slight increase of his salary—in spite of much talk of "drives" in the newspapers—has to do more work than ever before, without even recourse to the sort of assistants who could once be hired to do part of the drudgery of teaching, but who now cannot be obtained because there is no money to pay them. Lucky the professor in a State university who has received as much as fifteen per cent increase in his salary since 1914, and who has to teach only thirty per cent more students than he then taught!

Emphasis cannot be laid too often upon the fact that the status of the American university professor has undergone, in various respects, a steady deterioration in the past hundred years. This is particularly true as regards money payment. In 1876 the salary of a professor at Columbia was fixed at $7,500 and that of a tutor as $2,000; in 1919 the salary of a professor in the same university was fixed at from $6,000 to $8,000 and that of an instructor at $2,000. At other universities much the same set of facts might be cited. Yet when the new salary schedules for various universities were announced last year the general opinion seemed to be that something handsome had been done for the professors. As a matter of fact, merely a new step had been taken in the exploitation of the American scholar. Ever since the Civil War his academic duties have grown heavier. As students have become more numerous in the different departments and tutors or instructors have had to be added, the professors in charge have allowed the per capita payment for the teachers of the department to fall lower and lower. Less and less competent instructors have been added, and when in turn they have become professors by the operation of seniority they have seemed worth less than the full stipend and so have dragged the salary level down. The plea that these were scholars making sacrifices for the sake of poor and deserving young men is largely nonsense. The majority of college students are able to pay the full cost of what they receive, and many of them have larger sums for spending money than their teachers have for salaries. What earthly excuse is there for charging a rich man's son half what he ought to pay and then paying a professor half what he ought to get? There is none.

"More Thrilling than Fiction"

LITTLE by little the truth about the war prevails. One of its mightiest warriors—of the stay-at-home variety—John R. Rathom, editor of the *Providence Journal*, late in 1917 wrote a series of articles, "Germany's Plots Exposed," for the *World's Work*, widely advertised as follows:

> How the devilishly cunning plots to kill our people, sink our ships, dynamite our factories, and disrupt our national life were run down and thwarted. More thrilling than fiction, and, withal, the most patriotic service to America since the war began. It is the modestly told story of a brave editor and resourceful reporters who beat the Germans at their own game.

But after one issue, "The Great Rathom Series," scheduled to appear for one year, which the *World's Work* predicted would make it the "most talked of, the most quoted, the most eagerly sought for magazine in America" was suddenly withdrawn. Rathom, who in frequent public addresses was modestly admitting his exploits, explained that the cessation of the articles was decided upon from "motives of patriotism." Now it appears that on February 12, 1918, Rathom, at the instance of the United States Government and by advice of counsel, signed a confession admitting the falsity, or such exaggeration that it equaled falsity, of almost all of these revelations and exposures.

No one who is in any doubt about the shameful deception that was practiced in this country throughout the war—and indeed in every country, for it is an inevitable by-product of war—should fail to study the amazing confession of John Revelstoke Rathom, British-born and bred, arch-patrioteer and super-spy-hunter, editor and moulder of public opinion, director and member of the executive committee of the Associated Press. While "patriotism" was smeared thick over all his utterances and works, Rathom's role was wholly un-American. The vaunted exploits of his editors and reporters he has now admitted were myths, and what little information he did have as the basis for his sensations was supplied by British secret agents whose tool he was, and who used him for their own purposes. And this dime-novel clap-trap was the sort of propaganda with which the country was drugged, as *The Nation* has repeatedly shown. As for Mr. Rathom, he is aptly characterized by the New York *World*, which declares in an editorial entitled "Confessions of a Faker," that his confession is "one which for comprehensive avowals of downright falsehood has few parallels in the annals of mendacity."

On the other hand, the incident sheds no enviable radiance on Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mr. Francis G. Caffey, and other officials behind the scenes, on the opposite side of the controversy. Mr. Rathom recently made charges derogatory to the naval administration of Roosevelt; a United States District Attorney owing his appointment to Roosevelt's political party makes public facts long possessed by the Government; facts which should instantly have been given to the American people, but are only now divulged for the sole purpose of discrediting personally a political opponent of the Administration. That they do this successfully does not for one moment lessen the indecency of the procedure. The Government which suppressed this important information, contributing in that way—among others—to the war hysteria and terrorism, and publishes it only to aid the political ends of one of its henchmen, is an accessory after the fact to Mr. Rathom's malfeasance.

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Those Declining Prices

PRICES are coming down; the newspapers say so, and the banks say it, so it must be true; but the poor consumer, sadly totaling up his weekly milk and egg and potato and meat bill, learns little of the bruited drop except what he reads in the papers. The New York truckmen heard a lot about it when they were told that they must work ten hours for the old nine hours' wage because "labor costs must be reduced in proportion to the lower costs of commodities."

About the only commodity which has markedly reduced in cost to the consumer is sugar; the other reductions have been stopped on the way. But raw material prices have fallen generally: Japan silk has fallen to but a trifle more than a third of its January peak price; wool has dropped off forty per cent, and the world is so overstocked with wool that the poor consumer surely ought to be able to reckon on a substantially cheaper suit a year hence—if he can wait that long; rubber is at less than a third of its wartime peak and even below the pre-war price; wheat, which sold over three dollars last spring, is hovering about the two dollar mark today—far enough though that be from the pre-war dollar rate; hides cost less than half what they did a year and a half ago, and shoes should soon be cheaper for those who can make their present shoes hold out; cotton prices have been cut in half since May, and are only 60 per cent over the 1913 level. Iron and oil—monopoly-controlled products—hold their own, petroleum higher than during the war.*

Factories are stilled; the textile mills of New England have laid off most of their employees, and labor everywhere is solemnly warned that it must consent to wage reductions. As a matter of fact price reductions have begun, and will soon reach the consumer, particularly in clothes; and the consumer can fairly claim a large share of the credit for it. While the newspapers were still heralding Mr. Palmer's footless anti-profiteering crusades, and printing abstruse explanations of the economic basis of higher costs when they were not denouncing labor as their cause, the public quietly stopped buying. The overalls parades were but the foam on a wave that ran deep and strong. Ordinary citizens did not don overalls and their trousers were too worn to be turned, but they had patches put in the seat, reinforced the elbows of their coats, stitched down the cuffs, and managed to get along without new. Under the profits system which dominates our industrial life the result was not an immediate reduction of prices to a reasonable level; instead manufacturers chose to close their factories in the hope that by thus creating an artificial shortage of goods they might hold prices up. But the spontaneous public boycott has continued, and retail prices are slowly creeping down. Some manufacturers are suffering in this process of deflation; retailers who were caught overstocked with goods purchased at the old price levels are naturally reluctant to order new goods at prices which will spell a dead loss on their present stocks; and both, the former through closing the factories, the latter through delaying the reductions, attempt to throw the burden on the hapless consumer. One thing which the deflation process makes undeniable, if proof were needed, is that there has been unconscionable profiteering somewhere, and that the blame for high prices was not justly cast on labor.

* The Standard Oil Company of Indiana has just cut one of the largest "melons" of recent years, declaring a stock dividend of 150 per cent.

The New England Fisherman

WE have been celebrating this year the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, and discussing variously the human product that English heritage and New England environment gave to America and the world. But some of the Pilgrims never landed; or, if they did, they hardly waited for their feet to touch firm foundation before they turned again to the sea, which they have been following ever since. Their descendants today are the New England fishermen, who have won a brief moment of fame by virtue of the contest between the Gloucester schooner Esperanto and her Canadian rival the Delawanna. It is characteristic, of course, that this moment of fame should come to the fishermen out of their play rather than out of their work; that it should be won by a brief relaxation from the toil and danger that constitute their real lives.

The New England fisherman is the perpetuation into the present century of the old-time American sailor. He is the link between the glorious days when our clipper ships, with their towering sails, were the queens of the seas and this newer day when American steamships are making our merchant fleet once more an inspiration for song and story. It is true that the New England fisherman has latterly become somewhat internationalized. The Gloucester fleet, especially, is now manned by more "blue noses" from Novia Scotia than Down Easters; but, after all, the maritime provinces of Canada are only an annex of the State of Maine, and the product is all one breed. The same juice flows in the veins of all, and there is as much salt in the blood and tar in the hair of the fisherman who is sailing today out of Gloucester or Boston, Portland, or Provincetown, as was true of the men who a century ago put out from New Bedford to chase the sperm whale over the Seven Seas, or returned from the East Indies with cargoes of silks and spices for the original John Jacob Astor in the days when royal and skys'l yards rose above South Street like a forest rimming the edge of Manhattan Island.

Yes, today's New England fisherman is the true and unsullied successor of the old American tar. He is more; he is the legitimate scion of all the bold sea rovers of history from Noah to Captain Kidd. His is no idyllic life of angling, no quiet Izaak Walton existence. He faces fog and storm and ice to harpoon the swordfish on Georges Banks: to seine mackerel off the Cape Shore; to trawl the halibut on Quereau, the Funks, and the bleak coast of "the Labra*dor*"; or to be gone all summer "salt fishing" on the Grand Banks. As he says of himself in his own doggerel:

> I've seen all kinds of fishing
> From Western Banks to Grand;
> I've been after frozen herring
> Way down on Newf'nd*land*.

And the boats in which he sails are real boats, built to last fifty years and stand the pounding of the fiercest seas.

Hard a-lee! Make sea room for the New England fisherman, that perpetual Pilgrim, who asks for the security of no Plymouth Rock and is never so happy—though he would stoutly deny it—as when he hears the last moaning of the whistling buoy off the granite-bound shores of Cape Ann and points his schooner toward the open sea with the magic words: "Drive 'er!"

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A Question to Democracy

By FAITH ADAMS

THE Gold Star has disappeared from my neighbor's window, for two years have elapsed since the Armistice. The boy who went out from the house next door was the eldest of the family. I know that he died for Democracy. Yet I never saw the gold emblem that marked his sacrifice without being conscious of a vague uneasiness because I know that my neighbor's son died for something he had never known and would not have known had he lived.

When the L——s first moved into our street in B—— they caused no small commotion. They were the only middle class colored people in our small suburban community. There are, of course, plenty of colored people beyond the railroad in Shantytown, plenty, that is to supply our needs in regard to laundresses, scrubwomen, and children's nurses, but the idea of a colored physician and his family moving into one of the best houses on Elm Street was preposterous. As the nearest prospective neighbors of the invaders, we were objects of sympathy. Our friends expected us to become the leaders of an opposition and I do not know exactly why we failed to live up to their expectations. In some ways it would have been easier, but something in me—perhaps a strain of Abolition ancestry—asserted itself in a sudden burning shame at the thought. We declined to lead a movement to make it impossible for the L——s to enter the home they had bought. But in spite of our defection they did not succeed in entering their house until a lawsuit bitterly contested at every point had been won by them in several courts. In coming, they brought with them a problem which has never been solved and which has maintained its rigid outline, through all the patriotic enthusiasm that swept away a dozen hyphens and consolidated every other element in our community during the war, a problem which persisted in spite of the Gold Star that used to hang in my neighbor's window.

The trouble encountered by the L——s was not an isolated phenomenon. It was a characteristic and attendant circumstance of every act of their lives. I wonder if any reader, whatever his or her views on the Race question, has ever paused to consider, not so much its profound and significant aspects but the comparatively simple one which finds its origin in the mere inconvenience of being a Negro in a hostile white community, especially the daily and hourly inconvenience of being that complex, highly sensitized creature, an intellectual Negro in a hostile white community. "But why do they come here?" lamented my white neighbors. "Why don't they stay with their own people?" ask those who feel that the troubles are of their own making. I believe that the answer is simple. They want the same advantages for their children that we want for ours. They moved to Elm Street to obtain those advantages in the face of our antagonism, rather than live in Shantytown, or in the South from which they came, or in the crowded insanitary districts which are usually the only ones accessible to urban negroes. So far as possible in our Christian Democratic community, we have made it impossible for them to achieve this. Of course we have not been entirely successful. We are a Northern community and there are still traces of respect for the individual's civil rights written into our laws and upheld by our courts. We have so far succeeded, however, that I, who gave no sons to my country, cannot remember the Gold Star that used to hang in my neighbor's window without a feeling of humiliation.

Primarily, the problem of my neighbors concerns their children. If America means anything to us, it means the future of our children, a future presumably freer, happier, surer than that of any children in the world. It does not mean this to the L——s. They have three children since their elder boy was killed, two daughters of sixteen and ten, respectively, and a boy of eight. The second daughter, Katherine, is the one I know best. She and my ten-year-old daughter are classmates. They walk to and from school together and are friends after a fashion, and yet I know that there is not an aspect of their environment that is the same to both. The very feeling of the sun and wind on her face is a different thing to my colored neighbor's little daughter than it is to mine because she *is* colored. My ten-year-old is a tomboy. In her short vigorous life she has never stopped to think whether she was "nice" or as good as anyone else. Her speech and manners are free, emphatic, and quite devoid of grace. She tears her clothes, falls into the pond, climbs trees, walls, roofs, and anything else which can be climbed, hitches her sled on to passing teams despite emphatic warnings and stands cheerfully somewhere between the foot and the middle of her class. She goes forth unconcernedly on errands, or pursues adventurous ends of her own. She is a perfectly ordinary, very healthy and really nice child, far less talented than sensitive little Katherine, but she has never in her life been afraid or unwelcome or very unhappy. Her world has boundless horizons and endless possibilities of adventure. It may seem a small thing to you but, remembering my own childhood, there is nothing for which I am more thankful than that my children can have adventures. Our town and the world are decently safe for Elizabeth or relatively so. She may break an arm or a leg one of these days, but I know that her heart and her spirit will not be broken. I realize that Katherine's mother does not share this security, that there is no aspect of life in our charming village that is not haunted for her by shapes of shame and terror. Each day she wakes to a dread of things unbelievably ugly from which she cannot shield her child. I know that she awaits Katherine's return from school each day in fear of seeing in the child's face that some irreparably cruel thing has happened to her.

Meanwhile Katherine's clothes are always immaculate, her ways are gentle, her speech is soft and punctiliously correct. She stands well in school and is particularly gifted in music and drawing. If the color line does not hem them in too closely, by the time she graduates my neighbors hope to send her to an art school for a year and then, perhaps, to Europe. It will take money, of course, and their means are slender, but where else, they ask passionately, can she possibly fulfill the promise that is in her.

Barbara, the older daughter, will enter college this fall. She was to have had the R—— College scholarship, awarded every year to a member of the graduating class of the High School, but as the L——s say quietly, "something happened." Something usually does happen in such cases it seems, so they were not much surprised. Whether or not

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they are right, I cannot say, but they and hundreds of colored people like them, people of sober judgment and integrity believe that in such contests they are habitually cheated by white people. Barbara was admittedly the best student in her class. If the scholarship had been awarded according to precedent it would have gone to her as the holder of the highest general average for the entire four years, but this year the Faculty Committee departed from precedent and awarded it to Ruth H——, our minister's daughter and holder of the second highest average. Ruth's work, they said, showed more originality. Is this happy result merely a departure from hide-bound academicism and as such to be applauded or just what the L——s think it, the cheating of a sixteen-year-old child out of the fruits of four years' work? In any case, everyone was glad for Ruth, a general favorite, and her father has allowed her to accept. Barbara will enter college, of course, but she will have to work a little harder to make both ends meet. Already she is a little older, a little quieter.

And so it goes! The only one of my neighbor's children who still seems quite merry is Archie, the youngest. He is delicate and does not go to school, but studies at home with his mother. I like to see him laughing and tumbling about the lawn like any other boy of eight, but I know that if he were to venture outside the gate and a block or so down the street, he would find the hereditary enemy lying in wait for him. He did venture once, and his mother had to explain to him when he came back bruised and troubled why the white boys called him names and threw things at him. They weren't "tough" boys either, nor members of the white gangs that the L——s moved from the city to avoid, but the nice little sons of some of our leading citizens. When they discussed the invasion of the L——s at home and abroad in loud and angry tones, those same citizens did not intend to suggest to their sons that it was a good game to hunt down Archie, but somehow the boys have learned that he is an intruder and so in the good old tribal fashion transmitted by their parents, they threw stones and shouted "nigger." Archie never goes out alone now and Katherine usually goes to school with Elizabeth. "It's a little safer for a girl!" Mrs. L——s says wistfully. Just how safe it is, I know from what Elizabeth has told me of the jeers that Katherine daily endures. It is Elizabeth, and not Katherine, who resents those jeers and who, on occasions, puts Katherine's tormentors to flight, while Katherine walks on quietly, "just as if she didn't care!"

You see, Katherine is not only a little ten-year-old girl; she is a representative of her race, and so are all the L——s. The freedom and unconsciousness of normal, happy childhood are not for her, as they were not for Barbara and as they will not long be for Archie. Compared with her, how robust and spontaneous my Elizabeth seems. Elizabeth can forget herself. This is just what Katherine can not do. Her shrinking self-consciousness is a distressing thing. But even if she could lose herself in work or play, how quickly she would be forced to remember. Alone, Katherine might perhaps forget for a moment that she is colored, but the world about her never forgets. To that world she is colored first, and a child with a child's needs afterwards.

As it is with the children, it is with their elders in a far greater degree. They, too, are the representatives of their race first, human beings only secondarily. Just what this means in actual nervous strain, if in no other way, is a difficult thing for any of those who belong to the dominant race to estimate. It means eternal vigilance and eternal self-consciousness. It means doubt, hesitation and never-ending complications in the most commonplace incidents of daily living. It means, even under such favorable conditions as obtain in B——, a constant uncertainty of life, health and happiness. How great a gift my own careless certainty of a very few elementary things now seems to me! In particular the certainty I have of meeting in the ordinary walks of life with ordinary courtesy, decency and fair play; of always meeting in an emergency with deep kindliness, dormant before perhaps, but called into being by nothing more than my need of it; my certainty of fellowship, of equality, of respect if it is due me; my certainty of getting pretty generally anything which I honestly work or pay for and sometimes more than this, and of foretelling the morrow with some accuracy and laying my plans accordingly for myself and my children. Can you imagine being able to take none of these things for granted? If you can, your imagination serves you better than most in trying to realize what daily life means to the L——s.

In one of our "high-brow" monthlies, an American woman wrote recently of her readiness to kill in defense of what "middle class America" meant to her. It meant just such a safe, sure, happy freedom from dependence on the irrational and violent in human nature as it does to me. It does not mean this to the L——s, and yet they, too, are of "middle class America." They give it their passionate loyalty and hold it to be good, except in so far as it excludes them or others because of race, creed or color—a loyalty which is constantly and tragically betrayed by the reality, while the weakness of my own *weaker* faith in its institutions is constantly being justified. Do you think I am exaggerating? Then consider for a moment these parallels in the lives of two middle-class Americans, Mrs. L. and myself.

If I want to go away for the hot weather, all I have to do is to look up some jolly mountain or seashore spot within my means, pack my bags and go. Mrs. L. cannot do this. Of all the wealth and loveliness of our natural resources, the greater part is closed to her. Hotels, boarding houses, and camps are almost entirely in the hands of white people who exclude colored ones. There are a few, a very few, resorts for colored people but they are generally crowded and not always desirable. To rent or buy a summer cottage, however simple, is difficult and expensive. Too many white people refuse to have colored neighbors! Long trips are not to be thought of because it is necessary to depend on hotel and sleeping-car accommodations. Just once, in the flush of youth, Dr. and Mrs. L. did attempt a trip. They took their oldest children to see Niagara and the Great Lakes. The experience was one they have never cared to repeat. So the L——s spend the summer in sunbaked B. There are worse hardships, of course, and yet why should the desirable thing which for me is so simple, that is, to give Elizabeth the wild freedom of the woods or an outing at the beach for two months each year, be impossible for them? They do spend a few days sometimes in a small colored hotel at a glittering resort on the Jersey coast, but they do not call it "taking their children to the country," and neither, I think, would you.

Again, let us say that a member of my family is stricken suddenly with a serious illness, or requires an immediate operation. It is a hard time and an anxious one, but how comparatively smooth and simple my course will be. I

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speak as a representative of middle-class America who can pay more or less for what she needs, and leave aside for the moment all question of economic injustice. My family physician will make all arrangements. I have my choice of the best doctors, the best private accommodation, the best nurses I can afford, and I will be pretty sure of sympathetic interest and helpfulness from all with whom I come in contact. When Barbara L——s was suddenly stricken with appendicitis, there was not a hospital, public or private in B——, or in the nearest big town, where she could get a room. They finally rushed her to the nearest big hospital and took their chances in the ward, already overcrowded, knowing that for the urgent care she needed, they had to depend upon overworked, indifferent nurses, and doctors in an institution which excluded colored people as doctors, nurses, or private patients. "It's when you're in a hurry that being colored really matters" was Mrs. L's comment on this occasion. These serious discriminations have their more trivial counterparts in almost every incident in our daily lives. If I wish to go down town to shop or for any other purpose, it is a simple matter. I can be served with reasonable promptness and civility in any store I see fit to enter, while Mrs. L. may be obliged to wait indefinitely or be ignored altogether by saleswomen who do not like her complexion. If I cannot get home to luncheon I eat downtown at the first tea-room or dairy lunch that comes to hand. Once when Mrs. L. was delayed beyond the noon hour, she tried to get food in three or four such places and, failing to obtain service in any of them, finally lunched on a bar of chocolate in the public square. It is possible that she would eventually have been served had she persisted. There is a law on the statute books covering such cases, but she preferred an unsatisfactory luncheon and her subsequent headache to further rebuffs. Again, if a good concert or a good play comes to town, I take Elizabeth as a matter of course. She has not so far evidenced any great enthusiasm for the concerts. Mrs. L. does not take Katherine, who is really musical and would love to go, because she can never be sure that the tickets she buys, or perhaps reserves by telephone, will really be honored. If they are for the gallery, the chances are that they will be, but even this is not a certainty. Besides she does not always want to sit in the gallery. You and I could do this with no feeling of discomfort. It is a part of our white freedom that we can, but then we have never been segregated into galleries or winced under the phrase "nigger heaven."

For our freedom is far more than the freedom from unpleasant occurrences. It is freedom from the expectation of such occurrences; from the constant apprehension of unfairness and of hostility or condescension in those we meet. It is freedom from the constant necessity of being on the defensive, of living forever isolated in a lonely little hell of self-consciousness. It is the priceless freedom of the mind and it contains the possibility of a fellowship as wide as the world. I cannot believe that even the close bond of suffering which unites those we exclude from it compensates them for its loss. That there are some compensations cannot be denied. Their lives gain in intensity. They know race loyalty and kinship and pride such as few of us even dream, and also sometimes practice detachment and irony to a degree few of us suspect, but surely these are shadowy substitutes for the whole of life. To live warped and ingrowing, however intensely, however sustained by pride, or irony, or the sense of having a cause, is not a substitute, it seems to me, for living fully and freely and to the limit of our powers.

The war which cut so sharply across our lives, obliterating race and class lines, once seemed about to wipe out even the barriers which separated the L——s from the rest of us. We were all Americans with a common cause—Democracy. In the name of Democracy we drafted black and white Americans impartially and sent them out to die. We taught them both to make sacrifices, to work and fight and save. We sold them both Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps and urged on both alike the need of war time effort and economy. But there Democracy ended. It drafted Robert L——s. It has since taken his life. But it excluded his mother from the workrooms of the Red Cross organization in B—— just as it has excluded and separated colored people the country over in every kind of war and war relief work. Democracy does not mean social equality, I may be told at this point, and there are many whose chosen work it seems to be to popularize this misconception. But if it does not mean equality, it means nothing. We did not knowingly go out to fight for "Democracy-within-caste-limits." It is not an inspiring slogan. Certainly it was not for such a qualified Democracy that Robert L——s and other young colored Americans died. What they really died for, I do not know. Neither do I know what of faith or despair or necessity drove them to their death in the American Forces. But I do see in the memory of my colored neighbor's Gold Star the most insistent question that has yet been put to our Democracy.

A Letter to Mr. J. C. Squire

Editor of the *London Mercury*

DEAR MR. SQUIRE: Since the appearance of the first number of your huge monthly I have searched eagerly through each succeeding issue for some trace of a curiosity there is said to be in England concerning contemporary American poetry. That such an interest does exist I have only on the word of Robert Nichols, one of your infant prodigies and lately an honored guest in the United States, who, however, when I asked him how it happens that American poetry does not sell in England, replied: "But, you see, we've such a bally lot of our own stuff to buy and read."

In the absence of any sincere criticism in the *Mercury* of the work of the younger American poets I am grateful that you have not shamed silence by publishing the opinions of the terrible children whom your foreign office lately granted passports to America as the representatives of literary England. They came here, their pockets bulging with manuscript poems in praise of Nature, expecting to see the disheveled children of *Punch's* Uncle Sam, and not a little disappointed to find us fairly critical if always exuberant hosts. Before they could obtain anything like an insight into the true poetry and people of America their lecture tours were finished, their shekels collected; they were once more feasted and toasted, and then they scuttled back to London and a more fitting obscurity.

Tell me, please, who sends those children here? Can nothing be done to regulate the problem of who is to come and whom we are to receive as the representatives of literary

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England? We love and understand English poetry, and although very much of what you now write is not worth reading, we gobble up pretty nearly everything you publish. Your own *Mercury*, I dare say, is read with rather more enthusiasm in New York than in London. There is no limit to our gratitude. And when we hear that an English poet is coming to visit us we do not even inquire into his poetry. We throw aside all consideration of taste and caution and hasten to make holiday.

Witness for yourself the bitterness of our lot: Thomas Hardy, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, and Ralph Hodgson remain in England, while Robert Nichols and Cecil Roberts come here to receive from us the homage we are eager to pay to English genius. I am not trying to put in a bill of complaint against their poetry, though, as a matter of national pride, some better English poet should make it his business to go through their baggage and edit some of it. Their very behavior, even, has become a matter of grievance to us. We wonder, if this continues, how long we shall continue our attitude of friendliness and geniality. We have only the solace that for our Robert Frost you have sent us your William Butler Yeats, and for our T. S. Eliot you have graced us with John Masefield: and that for your Robert Nichols and Cecil Roberts you have had for several years our Gertrude Stein.

There is Vachel Lindsay, who is said to be on his way to you. In The Potato Dance, The Chinese Nightingale, General William Booth Enters Heaven, Mr. Lindsay has written such beautiful poetry that he is entitled to a high place in our affections. But it is in the less authentic Vachel Lindsay that your poetasters have found—and will continue to find—the representative American poet. Your prompt acceptance of Vachel Lindsay at first mystified us. Why should you have seized upon his louder jingles when you might read Edwin Arlington Robinson and Robert Frost and Carl Sandburg—or the finer work of Mr. Lindsay himself? Even were Robinson or Frost or Sandburg out of your reach, you had on your very doorstep the works of Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot. But we are not any longer mystified. You have determined that our arts must be savage; so you applaud wildly the uproarious ballads of the later Vachel Lindsay and continue to maintain for our poet-exiles in London eyes which do not see and ears which do not hear.

You have, of course, an answer ready made if you care to make it. Why do we take your little countrymen so seriously? Well, we acknowledge that the blame in the long run must fall on us, or rather, on certain of our hero-hunting ladies to whom the sound of English speech is sweet on very English tongues and in whom the illusion of distance is as strong, almost, as an instinct. It is they who pay the richest honors to your adventurous countrymen. Indeed, they might even honor Thomas Hardy or some great man if they had a chance. But they do the best they can with what they get; and what they get is in a way, I suppose, as much the fault of the English who send such very minor poets over as of the Americans who rave about them when they come.

At least, however, though we absurdly accept these visitors so nearly on their own terms that we may seem quite uncritical, it is pleasant to be able to say that not all of us suffer from this confusion of judgment. We know what certain of our recent poetical visitors think of us in their hearts. Why may we not through you indicate something of what we think of them? SAMUEL ROTH

New York, October 15

Children of the Sun

By JAMES RORTY

At length after many days and much folly, after eating the sour crusts of obedience, and drinking deep draughts of bitter virtue guttered from the roofs of the hovels men live in because they are afraid to face the sun—

At length after many days of strutting in the tall hat of piety and the shiny broadcloth of goodness and the white gloves of service and the stiff shirt of denial, until the piteous gods, perplexed, moaned and were faint at the sight of so much solemn-frantic miming on the earth—

At length I went to live with Lilith, the witch, and together we put away childish things.

(Her hair is darker than the sweet night that bloomed after the Seventh Day when the Lord rested and the scent of the honeysuckle went up over the earth, and her breasts are swelling and fragrant like apples of the September harvest, and from the red bow of her lips my soul is loosed, a shaft flying forever, and by her strong clasp I am anchored deep in the earth where the feet of the joyous God are planted.)

Yes, Lilith and I sat together on the curbstone of the world and admired our bodies that were warm where the sun shone on them, and we laughed because Eden had blossomed for us out of the hard pavements of the earth, and we were clean again like the happy beasts that roll where the grass is thick in the sunshine.

And I said to Lilith: "The church bells are ringing, whom shall we worship? The terrified people go darkly to worship a Fear they have fashioned." Said Lilith, "We worship the sun."

So we worshiped the sun that is careless and kind to the cow in the pasture, the bird in the tree: Lilith and I, sitting on the curbstone of the spinning world, laughing and kissing, without respect, impudent in the wide smile of the Lord.

Contributors to This Issue

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The Spread Eagle *vs.* Alien Property Rights

By A. E. HINRICHS

A GERMAN woman taught her native language for twenty-five years in the schools of New York and saved a few thousand dollars which she invested in American securities and put into the hands of an American banker. Just before the war, she retired upon her savings and returned to her German home to end her days. When war threatened she was troubled about her American property and consulted her banker. He advised her that it would be safe here, and she left it in his hands. Her securities have been seized and sold by the Alien Property Custodian, and the proceeds are in the United States Treasury.

The American agent of a German house collected $40,000 for his principal. War had been declared, but there was as yet no Trading with the Enemy Act. By advice of counsel, the money was invested in bonds of the First Liberty Loan. Counsel said that by international law government bonds are valid obligations, war or no war, in the hands of friend or foe; though, of course, payment of interest to an enemy would be suspended during war. These bonds have been seized by the Alien Property Custodian.

A manufacturer in Saxony had for years maintained a sales branch in this country. The American branch, bearing the same name as the German house, was incorporated under the laws of New York, the capital stock being held in trust by an American. The business was a small one; it was in no way connected with the German Government or the German imperialists. In 1916 when intercourse with Germany became difficult and uncertain, imports stopped and no money was sent abroad. Counsel advised that the company here be not liquidated, because it could not be supposed that in case of entering the war, the United States would confiscate private enemy property. This legal advice was followed. When America declared war, every effort to communicate directly or indirectly with the German owner ceased. It was a fact and the American branch company was ready to prove, that a continuance of its ownership in trust for the German proprietor would neither help the German Government nor hinder the United States Government in the war; and the company would have been glad to submit to such supervision as would have assured our Government against any attempt to hold intercourse with the enemy. But the business was seized and sold as a going concern by the Alien Property Custodian, at "bargain rates." The proceeds are in the United States Treasury. The purchaser carries on the business under the old name, incidentally selling goods of American manufacture under the old trade-marks which used to be a guaranty of German origin and quality.

Did the banker and the lawyers give unsound advice? It was based on international law. Our President and his spokesmen repeatedly assured us that we had no quarrel with the German people; that we were waging war to vindicate international law and justice; that we were seeking no material advantage. All legal writers agree that bonds of a belligerent in the hands of an enemy must not be annulled; and that whatever may have been the earlier custom, private enemy property in a belligerent state has long been secure against confiscation. During the wars of the nineteenth century, only one case of confiscation occurred. Denmark in 1807 tried by ordinance to confiscate debts owed by its nationals to citizens of Great Britain. Denmark's attempt, however, was abortive. After the war, a British creditor caught his Danish debtor in England and sued him before Lord Ellenborough. The Dane pleaded the war ordinance as a defense. His Lordship brushed aside the plea, asserting that the ordinance was not conformable to the usage of nations, and not binding either on the parties or on the court. This legal decision has never been controverted.

The advice given to their clients by the American banker and the American lawyers was therefore sound. It was based upon international law; it expressed a sense of our national honor and a far-reaching sense of our moral obligations. While the Act was pending in Congress, Secretary Redfield, Secretary Lansing, Assistant Attorney-General Warren, and Congressman Adamson of Georgia, chairman of the Committee in charge of the Bill, asserted that the Act was designed solely to cut off commercial intercourse with the enemy *during the war;* that nothing like confiscation was contemplated; that the Act would cause no permanent injury to anybody. Secretary Redfield said:

> No person not trading with the enemy is affected by this bill. Anybody who is trading with the enemy in such a way as to do the United States no harm, and can show it, or the enemy no good, and can show it, will be permitted under this bill, or may be permitted under this bill, to continue operating, and the whole effort has been to make the thing as little onerous as necessary. The creation of an Alien Property Custodian is a novelty and is in line with that same effort toward equity which impels us to indicate an earnest desire to show to the people with whom, unfortunately, we are engaged in war, *that here is the opposite of confiscation and here is the opposite of requisition.* . . . I do not know who was the originator of the idea, but whoever was has created *something as fine in its way as the return of the Boxer indemnity,* because the enemy property is all in our hands to bear its share of the expense in fighting the enemy, and all of it is safeguarded, so that if it be the will of Congress, under proper conditions, it may be returned to him intact and safeguarded by ourselves during the whole period of the war.

Branches of enemy-owned business operating here were to be licensed; business that was not helping Germany or hurting us in the conduct of the war was not to be interfered with; American corporations doing a business otherwise lawful were not to be affected by the enemy-ownership of stock, although, of course, no dividends could be sent to enemies during the war. In short, we had enemy property here, which we were entitled to sequester, in order to render it incapable of giving aid to the enemy, but we were supposed to return it after the war and virtually promised to do so.

The Act as passed was entirely consistent with the generous professions of the Administration. It gave power to the War Trade Board to investigate, supervise, license, or sequester. It provided that if no license were granted to the contrary, enemy-property must be delivered to the Custodian. He was given the powers of a common law trustee over such property, but not power to sell except "if and

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when necessary to prevent waste and to protect such property."

The immediate result of the passage of the Act was a prompt compliance with its terms by such persons and corporations as held property of an alien enemy, or were conducting a business owned or controlled by an alien enemy, and who had a reasonable hope of obtaining licenses. These were the concerns that were not engaged in any way in assisting the German Government to wage war, but were prepared to prove to our Government that a continued holding of the enemy property, or a continuance of the enemy-owned business, would neither harm the United States nor help the enemy during the war. But it is only necessary to turn to the Report of the Alien Property Custodian for proof that in every single case of which the War Trade Board or the Custodian had notice, general licenses were refused, and demands for turning over the property were made. In fact, no inquiry was made, beyond establishing the fact of enemy ownership. If stock of a corporation was owned in Germany, no other fact mattered, and the stock had to be transferred to the Custodian. If a business had a German partner, no other fact mattered, and the firm must be liquidated. Reasons for refusing licenses were not stated. The uniform formula was a refusal "with regrets" from the War Trade Board, followed by a demand from the Custodian that the property be turned over to him.

The War Trade Board and the Custodian had formulated a theory of their own, and acted upon it. That theory was that we were waging an economic war, that enemy property ought to be confiscated, and that enemy business ought to become American business.

Here, however, the powers of the Custodian fell short of his desires, because he had no right to sell enemy property save "when necessary to prevent waste and to protect such property." But on March 28, 1918, by a rider to an Appropriation Bill, and at the suggestion of the Custodian, Congress amended the Act so as to give him a general power of sale of all the properties which had been reported and transferred to him. This amendment was passed with little discussion or debate. The Custodian then entered upon a selling campaign, which continued unabated after the Armistice, and according to his report of February, 1919, was to continue indefinitely. As late as last summer, his advertisements of sales, under the familiar spread eagle, continued to appear in the New York papers.

So the matter stands at this writing. The Administration said that there would be no confiscation, but every forced sale of property involves confiscation. The forced sale of a going business, even if the assets bring a fair price, involves the confiscation of all those intangible but valuable properties that go to make up "good-will," and constitute the difference between the worth of a going concern and that of a concern in liquidation. Every forced sale also involves confiscation to the extent that it prevents, or renders extremely difficult, reestablishment of the old business by its former owners, and thus cuts off future profit.

The American people were promised that there would be no confiscation, but there has been confiscation. The Custodian admits this by his report, but attempts to justify his policy on three grounds: First, that it was retaliation for German sales of American property; second, that enemy business in the United States furnished headquarters for propaganda; third, that it was good for American business to put the Germans out of our markets by selling property of German concerns to any American citizens interested.

The first reason now appears to have been advanced by mistake. Germany sequestered, but neither liquidated nor confiscated American properties.

The second reason may have been true to some extent. But that is likely to have been the case in other wars between nations, and yet the world had established the doctrine that war should not serve as an excuse for the confiscation of private property. Moreover, whether the Custodian sold a German-owned business did not at all depend upon whether that business was giving aid to the enemy. The Act as originally passed was intended to control all such cases by a system of licenses. What actually happened was that no general licenses to continue enemy-owned concerns were issued; and all private property that came to the knowledge of the Custodian was seized by him and sold.

The third reason may be satisfactory to those Americans who have profited by it. Doubtless it is a great advantage to certain American business men to have acquired at bargain rates the assets, the good-will, and the future profits of German concerns. Something for nothing is usually considered good business.

But the question remains, what shall be done with the proceeds now held in the Treasury of the United States which have resulted from the sale of enemy-owned property, and from the collection of debts owing to enemies?

So far as confiscation has gone, probably no amends can be made. Even if it were desirable, it would hardly be practicable to unscramble the countless transfers that have been completed. The Act states that these proceeds shall be dealt with after the war as Congress may direct. But the Treaty of Versailles provides that neither the German Government nor any German citizen may ever question anything that has been done by the United States with with reference to enemy property. Such property, or the proceeds thereof, may be applied towards the payment of claims the United States may have against the German Government and its nationals, and Germany undertakes to compensate its nationals for the sale or retention of their property in allied or associated states. If the Treaty is ever ratified by us, this last clause gives to Germans who have lost their American property their only chance of recovering it.

There is a certain glib plausibility about the provision for keeping in the United States the proceeds of German property, and using them for the satisfaction of claims of individual Americans against the German Government or German citizens, leaving the latter to look to their Government for reimbursement. But the provision is unjust, and therefore un-American. It is unjust to use the property of A for the payment of a debt owing B.

We have killed off German competition in this country. We have made it difficult for Germans to reestablish themselves here. Whether the apparent profit to American business will be permanent remains to be seen when in some later war American precedent is cited against American business in foreign lands. What has been done in regard to the spread eagle sales has been done and is irretrievable. But we have not yet irrevocably confiscated the hundreds of millions of dollars resulting from those sales which have been turned into the U. S. Treasury by the Alien Property Custodian. It is a large sum, but not a staggering one as international finance goes, nowadays. We could afford to give it back. Can we afford to keep it?

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The Irish Committee at Work

THE preliminaries of organization for the Irish inquiry are ended and the time for action has arrived. The American Commission on Ireland, chosen by the Committee of One Hundred on Ireland, held its first meeting in Washington last Friday and Saturday and issued the following preliminary statement:

The American Commission on Ireland has accepted the task intrusted to it with the sincerest desire to improve the relations between the United States, Great Britain, and Ireland, to obtain facts as to what is actually happening on Irish soil, and to discover ways and means of offering continuing mediation, if such ways exist. Firmly believing that the present situation, if long continued, will menace the peace of the world, and realizing that it is already becoming a domestic political issue in America, the Commission seeks to shed light upon what is happening, in order to present an actual picture of the crisis to the American people, so that, with this background, constructive suggestions may arise as to a way out.

The members of the Commission are unanimously of the belief that the friendship of the English-speaking peoples for one another is of such priceless value to the welfare of the entire world, that for Americans to leave a single stone unturned to preserve that friendship would constitute grave culpability. The Commission is, moreover, profoundly stirred by the long-continued reports of lawlessness and the wholesale shedding of blood in Ireland on both sides. Its members cannot sit by unmoved at the possibility of an outcome so terrible that it might easily mean the destruction of the bulk of the sorely harassed Irish people, a people so gifted as to be able to make a unique contribution to the culture and progress of the world, a people whose voluntary martyrs have begun to make the whole globe realize that the situation of Ireland has reached a pass where brave men prefer death to its continuance.

If in such an hour the constitution of an unofficial commission of citizens of a friendly nation seems unusual, it is to be explained by the unprecedented circumstances in Ireland, by the fact that millions of Americans of Irish blood can know neither contentment nor happiness until peace is restored to their kin across the Atlantic, and by the historic American devotion to those peaceful ideals which but recently animated its troops in the World War. An America inactive in the face of the tragic events in Ireland would be an America recreant to its traditions and to its faith.

The Commission expects to effect its organization this week and to make arrangements for beginning its public inquiry on November 17. It seems also probable that, in order to facilitate its work, the Committee, consisting of Miss Jane Addams, ex-Governor Joseph W. Folk of Missouri, Frederic C. Howe, James H. Maurer, and Senator David I. Walsh, will increase its membership.

One of the first acts of the Commission was the drafting of a cable to Cardinal Logue, who occupies a position in Ireland similar to that of Cardinal Mercier in Belgium, requesting that a deputation of Irish Bishops be sent to this country to place before the Commission first-hand testimony on conditions in Ireland. The invitation was the result of several suggestions that have come from Ireland to the Committee of One Hundred. The Commission further announced that a number of the mayors of Irish cities will immediately be invited to hasten to this country to give their testimony. These officers will include both English and Irish partisans. A select list of American witnesses, composed of citizens who have recently returned from visits to Ireland, is also being compiled by the Commission.

The editors of *The Nation*, having fulfilled their function in gathering together the Committee of One Hundred on Ireland, acting as a secretarial medium for that body during the period when it was electing an executive commission to conduct the proposed investigation, and having initiated the appeal for funds to defray the expenses, have now withdrawn from direct connection with the matter. The American Commission on Ireland is in full charge and every member of the staff of *The Nation* wishes the Commission Godspeed in its task of high service. The full Committee, supporting the Commission, numbers 144 members. This body is representative of all that is best in American opinion and aspiration. Its complete membership is printed for the first time below:

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter cannot understand why intellectuals should be so maligned as negligible butterflies fluttering idly over the clover-fields of present-day society. What would the Peace Conference have been without the bushy head of Poland's piano president, the parchment visage of author Clemenceau, and the resplendent verbiage of Professor Wilson? Or Czecho-Slovakia without its President Professor Masaryk? And as to the revolutionists, what are Lenin and Trotzky if not intellectuals? The Drifter recalls reading of the arrest of the actor Alexander Moissi, the finest Hamlet he ever saw, for Communist propaganda in Vienna; he has beguiled many hours with the cinematographic exploits of the poet-pirate-novelist-hero-constitution-maker d'Annunzio; and now he reads that the composer Mascagni is inflaming the shipyard workers of Leghorn with his bolshevist orations. Defame the intellectuals if you will, but you cannot call them negligible.

* * * * *

NO such storm of anti-war poetry and prose disturbs the Drifter's peace of mind in America as would be his lot were he reading his paper on the quai d'Inconnu, with Mme. Lecomte's blue jay peering over his shoulder, instead of in the Mercantile Lunch on Park Row. He hears that Henri Barbusse's "Le Feu" has passed the three hundred thousand mark; and his mail tells him daily of the work of Duhamel, Vildrac, Romains, Léon Werth, Marcel Martinet, Roland Dorgelès, Henri-Jacques, and others less known or unknown to him. The name of Noel Garnier has long intrigued him—the poet of "Le Don de ma Mère." And now he learns that it has intrigued the French Minister of War as well—and that, for this thin booklet of pacifist poems, the name of Noel Garnier has been stricken from the list of Legion of Honor by order of the Minister, and that he has been deprived of the right to wear the *croix de guerre*. The Drifter little dreamt that a book of poems could so stir a Minister of War. During the war it was otherwise: Noel Garnier wrote poems on *permission* and on *repos*, but he kept them to himself, and it was the poetry of action which intrigued Marshal Petain into writing:

Order No. 15352-D.

M. Garnier, Noel, second lieutenant in the 11th regiment of hussars, attached to the 15th battalion of chasseurs, is named to the order of the Legion of Honor, with the rank of knight:

A young second lieutenant transferred at his own request from the cavalry to a battalion of chasseurs. Volunteered to establish communication between two companies placed, on September 14, in a very delicate position; struck by three bullets in the thigh and one in the arm, very seriously wounded, he succeeded in dragging himself across the ground to fulfil his mission. Had himself carried on a stretcher to his *chef de corps* and before mentioning his wounds gave a detailed report on his reconnaissance. Proved a heroism which will never be surpassed. Two citations.

PETAIN

It is not required of patriotism that it be always and ever patriotic, but poetry, it seems, must be patriotic, or else past action is forgotten. Fortunately there are others besides Ministers of War to judge of both.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Wilson's Limited Democracy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent article you say, referring to President Wilson, "who had battled for that democracy at Princeton," etc.

A friend, one of the ablest of the younger generation of colored men, said to me recently—he is from New Jersey—"In selecting a college, I thought of Princeton, but, because of the race prejudice there, under Wilson, was advised to go elsewhere." He went to Harvard. Another friend, a teacher in the colored public schools in Washington City, said, when I told her this, "Yes, Princeton is now about like the University of Virginia."

If Wilson "battled for democracy" at Princeton, it must have been *white* democracy, the only part of which he has the remotest conception. How the intelligent colored people of this country must love him!

Bird-in-Hand, Pa., June 28 MARIANNA G. BRUBAKER

[Our correspondent is correct. Mr. Wilson's democracy has always stopped at the color line as it did at the sex line until it was to his political advantage to become converted. Princeton's doors are closed to colored Americans.—EDITOR.]

What Europe Thinks of Us

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Shortly before he died in Switzerland, Dr. George Nasmyth, organizer for the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches, addressed a letter to Newton D. Baker which I feel sure would interest your readers:

"My Dear Mr. Secretary:

"In my travels through Europe it has been impressed upon me of late, how greatly the influence of American ideals and America's international policies is being weakened by the continuous imprisonment of political prisoners and conscientious objectors.

"During the past eight months I have traveled through England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, Greece, and most of the countries of Eastern Europe. I have been surprised to find how widespread is the knowledge of American conditions in this regard and how long we have delayed in proclaiming amnesty—a measure of social reconciliation which has long been adopted in all the belligerent countries of Europe.

"I find this discussion and a growing protest against America's policy which is charged with being liberal abroad while tyrannical and Czarist at home, not only in the Labor and Radical press, but also in the Conservative and Nationalist papers. For example, in Italy, the country from which I have just returned, I find long articles on the subject in the *Idea Internazionale*, the most jingoistic newspaper, as well as in the *Avanti*, the organ of the radical Socialist Party. This anomalous situation in our political life at home constitutes the chief obstacle which prevents the democratic forces of Italy from rallying their full strength in support of President Wilson's Fiume policy and the League of Nations convenant.

"George W. Nasmyth."

When will Americans awaken to the menace of our growing isolation, and to the ill reputation which is replacing our past popularity in Europe?

ELLIS OGLE, M.D.

Boston, Mass., October 27

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Criticism

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Dead men sit down beside the telephones
Within your brain and carefully relate
Decisions and discretions of the past,
Convinced that they will not deteriorate.
But you have not their certainty: you try
A question now and then that cautiously
Assaults their whispered indolence until
Their sharp words once more force you to agree.
Then you insist that certain living men
Whose tones are half-discreet may be allowed
To greet their masters through the telephones,
Provided that their words are not too loud.
The new men imperceptibly entice
Their elders, and a compromise is made,
Both sides discovering that three or four
Excluded men must be correctly flayed.
And so the matter ends: conservative
And radical revise their family-tree,
While you report this happening, with relief,
To liberals and victorious cups of tea.

Books

A Panorama of Labor

What's on the Worker's Mind? By Whiting Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Why Men Strike. By Samuel Crowther. Doubleday Page and Company.

The New Industrial Unrest. By Ray Stannard Baker. Doubleday Page and Company.

The Workers at War. By Frank Julian Warne. The Century Company.

The Position of Labor in a System of Nationalism. By Edgar S. Furniss. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Life and Labor in the Nineteenth Century. By C. R. Fay. Cambridge University Press.

Humanizing Industry. By R. C. Feld. E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Human Factor in Industry. By Lee K. Frankel and Alexander Fleischer. The Macmillan Company.

Personnel Administration, Its Principles and Practice. By Ordway Tead and Henry C. Metcalf. The McGraw-Hill Book Company.

Labor's Challenge to the Social Order. By John Graham Brooks. The Macmillan Company.

The Church and Industrial Reconstruction. By the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook. Association Press.

LET us start with the simple assumptions of those who write ordinary newspaper editorials and address employers' associations. Let us suppose that there is nothing in particular the matter with our industrial system or our economic order. Its obvious failure to function satisfactorily is due not to any structural defect, but to original sin on the part of wayward individuals. The first thing to do is to deport, imprison, and silence agitators. The next thing is to instil into the workers, by persuasion if possible, but by economic and political force if necessary, a proper respect for the employer. Why is the cost of living high? Because millions of laborers throughout the world are lazy and will not work hard enough; because they are avaricious and use their organized power to extract wages higher than those they deserve. The remedy for this is an open-shop campaign to break up their unions, lengthen their hours, and put the fear of starvation and the boss into their hearts. With a long pull, all together, we shall be able to defeat labor, and then we can live at our ease.

A man with a mind so uncritical as to accept these assumptions without question is probably not given to reading books. But if at any moment a tiny doubt should open a crevice in the smooth surface of his complacency, Mr. Whiting Williams's book may profitably be inserted. Mr. Williams is not a revolutionary. He was a prominent official in a large steel fabricating concern. He wished to fit himself for the position of employment manager, and thought it a part of his preparation to find out what it was like to be a workman. Therefore he left home with a few dollars in his pocket and looked for a job. This is the story of his adventures in a basic steel plant, a rolling mill, a coal mine, an oil refinery, a shipyard, and other resorts of toil.

If Mr. Williams can be trusted, the life of the worker is not entirely an affair of leisure and silk shirts. Neither is the man on the job a dull individual who will respond to no stimulus but hard driving, when he is not listening to the wild words of an incendiary. He is much like anybody else, with his small and great annoyances, his ambitions, prides, and fears. If he is dissatisfied, and dissatisfied along with many others, his dissatisfaction is just as likely to have a reasonable basis as that of editors, directors, or presidents. Although Mr. Williams does not omit to relieve his picture with authentic colors of humor and pleasure, it leaves no doubt of certain devastating influences in the worker's life. One is his insecurity, his fear of unemployment, his utter dependence on the will of the boss. Another is his frequent lack of any feeling of participation in the whole process of production; his pride in doing a good job and his creative instinct are usually allowed to lie dormant or are positively rebuffed by poor management and alien control. No one after reading this book can hold any illusions as to the inhumanity, the unpopularity, and the inefficiency of the twelve-hour shift in the steel industry. Nor will he be deceived by rosy pictures of high wages or living conditions in the steel and coal towns. He will see why the miners are in a continual turmoil about wages and insufficient employment. He will understand the physical and nervous difficulty of much of the work in most of the occupations Mr. Williams tried.

Mr. Williams does not put forward any solution of the "labor problem" with much assurance. He sees the matter chiefly as one of personal relations and understanding. It is easy to point out a hundred places in which better management would smooth over difficulties and increase efficiency. But how is this better management to be achieved? Why has industrial development gone on so long without approaching it? Is there much chance of introducing it now, except in scattered and ineffective instances where there happens to be a manager with more than average intelligence? These are questions which Mr. Williams does not raise.

"Why Men Strike," the confident title of Mr. Crowther's book, might lead us to expect a somewhat more authoritative treatment of these matters than Mr. Williams's. On the contrary, however, it is a genial and smoothly written but ill-informed piece of work. It starts with the assumption that workmen on the average have been making extravagant expenditures, and comes to the conclusion that if they would only invest their surplus, the increased capital would at the same time bring about increased production to satisfy their material wants and also give them a sense of ownership which would make them work better. It is germane to such an argument, however, that yearly incomes of more than half the wage-earners probably have not kept pace with the cost of living, that never has such a superabundance of capital been stored up as in America during the war, and that the result has not increased but has decreased production. It is furthermore doubtful whether the investment of a few hundred dollars, even if the average worker could ever make it, would render him immune to the other disturbing features of his life.

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Mr. Baker's analysis is that of a competent and fair-minded journalist. He found out what any good investigator could have found out concerning the labor policy of the steel corporation and the objections of the steel workers to the twelve-hour day and other expressions of that policy. He tells us about the new aspirations of the labor movement, about the founding of the national Labor Party, about the hopeful experiments with shop committees and industrial councils, about the highly developed form of conciliation in the clothing industry. If we had had a liberal press or a liberal group of employers with any power at all, this attitude would have found expression during the recent industrial conflicts, and it would now have some influence in shaping the labor policy of the nation. Instead of this we see the old prejudices expressed daily in the pages of the great journals, and the open shop offensive in full career. There is nothing the matter with Mr. Baker's observation, as far as it penetrates, but it does not penetrate to the causes which maintain the struggle in spite of anyone's reasonableness or good intentions.

So far, our elementary student of labor troubles would have received little intimation that they ever arose before the armistice, or that the labor movement has a history, and an economic background outside the shop. "The Workers at War," by Frank Julian Warne, formerly manager of industrial relations for the United States Housing Corporation, would open the nearest of these vistas. He shows how the war for democracy abroad interrupted the workers' struggle for industrial democracy at home, and how they abandoned the latter for the time being in return for certain guaranties from the Government. The rapid extension of collective bargaining during the war was in one sense an extension of the unions' power, but in another sense it prevented them from extracting anywhere near the benefit they might otherwise have gained from the immense demand for new products and the shortage of labor. The rise in prices following the war naturally stimulated industrial unrest, but the Government made an about-face in its labor policy. It refused to encourage wage advances to meet increased living costs, and instead held back the railwaymen and took legal action against the miners while it made an ineffective attempt to reduce prices. Mr. Warne reminds us how the large employers deliberately set their faces against industrial peace at the President's Industrial Conference, regardless of the workers and of the public. He recognizes that the welfare of the public necessitates a diminution of strikes and lockouts, but he is not so foolish as to suppose that this end can be attained by a complete surrender of all other interests to those of the employers. Rather he seeks a way out of the vicious circle by an increased control over production and prices by workers and consumers. He suggests that consumers organize themselves. "One of the functions of the organization of the consumer is to join hands with the organized wage worker and together demand and enforce the return to the people of the benefits of social values to which industrial autocracy lays unjust claim and of which it is in possession." This sentence, if our pupil could understand its implications, would be pretty strong doctrine for him. Coming at the end of the book's argument, it would mark a far removal from his original assumption that our economic machinery would hum if only a little grit were removed from the bearings.

Let us now take a bold leap through the vista opened and alight in the eighteenth century. Mr. Edgar S. Furniss, in his scholarly study, "The Position of Labor in a System of Nationalism," furnishes a guide to the labor policy of the English Mercantilist school of economists. Their ideas are germane, because in their time, as during the recent war, the national welfare was assessed in terms of broad national purposes rather than in terms of individual happiness. They spoke of "national wealth," meaning by it the amount of money in the country, rather than capital goods or individual standard of living. They introduced our long-lived friend, "favorable balance of trade." To them, labor was important as one of the chief sources of national wealth. It seemed desirable to buy as little as possible abroad and to sell as much as possible; domestic raw materials should undergo manufacture before being exported, because the domestic labor expended upon them "increased their value"; imports should consist as largely as possible of raw materials rather than of finished goods so that domestic labor might manufacture them for export in turn. The consequences of this theory were disastrous to labor. It discouraged the consumption of goods by the home population. Labor, it taught, should not be paid more than the barest minimum of subsistence; as a matter of fact much of the labor of the period was below the poverty level. As large a laboring population as possible was necessary. Furthermore, there was an obligation on every laborer to work as much as possible. Unemployment was a sin, not against the unemployed, but against the state. Attempts were made to guard against it by rigorous laws. In spite of the fact that the Mercantilist theories were long ago discarded by economists in favor of the laissez-faire interpretation, it would seem as if the Republican Party and its substantial business men had received much of their economic education in 1750.

As Mr. Furniss points out, however, the manifestations of any particular system of nationalism will vary according to the nature of the national goal. The Mercantilist practice was the result of political dominance by the rising class of traders and capitalists. Our abandonment of laissez-faire doctrine—such parts of it as we had really clung to—during the recent war, and our inauguration of various national controls of trade and labor supply, were due to the predominant demands of the war-making machine. When the machine vanished, these particular controls vanished as a matter of course. "Mercantilism teaches us that in working out a system of public policy based upon nationalistic purposes the dominant class will attempt to bind the burdens upon the shoulders of those groups whose political power is too slight to defend them from exploitation and will find justification for its policies in the plea of national necessity." What is now the dominant class in American politics? Is it not the traders and capitalists? Then we may know what to expect. If the great majority of wage-earners and small consumers should ever become the dominant class, and individual welfare should become the national goal—but to speculate on that is perilously close to sedition.

Mr. C. R. Fay of Cambridge University carries on the tale in his economic lectures, printed under the title "Life and Labor in the Nineteenth Century." The novice will here make the discovery that the labor movement itself is over a century old. He will learn that there were unrest and strikes before Bolshevists were ever heard of, and that there was a strange Englishman named Robert Owen who preached socialism before Karl Marx, with his vicious German-Jewish theories, had written his first German word. Mr. Fay passes on in a most entertaining manner from Chartism to Cobdenism, Capitalism, Socialism, and the Cooperative movement.

After this excursion we may return again to the subject of management in the modern plant. "Humanizing Industry" is an attempt to present in story form the case for welfare measures of the sort approved by many employers, and it seems unimportant against the wider background. "The Human Factor in Industry" is a more technical, but still a superficial text book on employment management. "Personnel Administration" gives many evidences that its authors are aware of the historical labor movement and of the deeper social currents of the present. Technical and competent in detail, it is also sound in a larger sense, because it endeavors to relate the science of personnel management with the labor movement as it exists, and with the evolution of industry. The authors probably do not believe that good management alone would solve the "labor problem," but they point out truly that any advance in administrative methods is a positive advance, no matter what the nature of industrial control. As a matter of fact, their technique requires collective bargaining, shop committees with a large measure of control, and industrial councils. There is no question that if any considerable group of employers should put into intelligent practice

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such a technique as is elaborated in this book, the unrest of the worker would be appreciably diminished. There is a question, however, whether any large group of employers would or could put such a technique into practice under the existing regime of credit and production. There lies the rub in all attempts to introduce gradual amelioration of the industrial system. The attempt is a worthy one, and those who denounce it because they believe it impracticable are guilty of illogic. But we should be rash to build too much on its success.

The first of this long series of writers frankly to envisage the probability of a new social order is the ripest, the best informed, and the most temperate among all these students of the labor movement. John Graham Brooks begins by asserting that "power has so far gone to labor that it cannot be turned back." And this statement is made with a full knowledge of labor's obstacles. "Capitalism will fight long and it will fight with cunning and with desperate weapons. In the open, it will welcome the more popular 'remedies.' Whether socialist, syndicalist, or anarchist, few labor agitators have ever learned the defensive power of private property." The book is not an organized whole, but rather a series of notes—reminiscences, bits of information, observations—not one of which fails to be suggestive. All together, they furnish a picture rich in detail. What is the labor movement actually up to? What is it learning about the science of government and administration within its own ranks? How strong are the various factions within it, and what do they promise? How about government ownership, cooperation, or communism where they are or have been in practice? What are well-intentioned employers doing, and what will be the upshot of their activities? Here is one of the few really informed books about economic and social evolution as it is manifested in events. The sense one chiefly gets from it is of the operation of a vast and chaotic educative process, from which somehow a new order will emerge. Like many persons intimate with the labor movement, Mr. Brooks inclines to the opinion that the most fruitful of the formal theories of the new order is that developed by the national guildsmen.

The attitude of most of these writers is passive. They do not themselves take any position regarding the desirability of the present or any other system; they observe that the worker is dissatisfied, and in so far as they register any displeasure of their own, it is secondary to that of someone else. We are, in the main, left with a sense of something impending, of a doom over which we have little control, which may be good or ill. This sense may be the only one which accurately corresponds with the facts, but in spite of all the rigor of the realist, most human beings like to luxuriate in moral motives. After all, what *ought* to happen? What do we, as moral beings, desire? So prevalent is this attitude among people at large that even the most scientific of observers cannot disregard it as one of the strong social motives which have to be reckoned with.

It has remained for a group of prominent clergymen to make a thorough analysis of the social order as it affects moral values. Boldly assuming that the teachings of Jesus are the only ultimate reality, and that the human race gets into trouble by disregarding them, "The Church and Industrial Reconstruction" attempts to apply Christian principles to the industrial problem. The book is supremely concerned, not so much with questions of physical prosperity as with questions of motive and spiritual values—and in this it is probably nearer to the heart of the matter psychologically than are most of the economists. The supreme worth of individual personality, the ideal of universal brotherhood, the law of service—such principles do not allow us to disregard the distribution of wealth and the organization of production. The ideal society according to the Christian doctrine "would be a cooperative social order in which the sacredness of every life was recognized and everyone found opportunity for the fullest self-expression of which he was capable; in which each individual gave himself gladly and whole-heartedly for ends that are socially valuable; in which the impulses to service and to creative action would be stronger than the acquisitive impulses, and all work be seen in terms of its spiritual significance as making possible fulness of life for all men; in which differences of talents and capacity meant proportional responsibilities and ministry to the common good; in which all lesser differences of race, of nation, and of class served to minister to the richness of an all-inclusive brotherhood; in which there hovered over all a sense of the reality of the Christ-like God, so that worship inspired service, as service expressed brotherhood." Is this merely a beautiful Utopia? "To this question the Christian answer is definite and unmistakable. This ideal can, indeed, be realized." Here is a refreshing wind of hope and confidence.

The present order is therefore unchristian in its impersonal view of labor, leading to lack of continuous opportunity to work, inadequate income, inadequate leisure, dwarfing of the personality, child labor, and improper protection of women workers. It is unchristian because it denies the spirit of brotherhood by a selfish and competitive motive in production and by extreme inequalities in the distribution of wealth. It is inconsistent with the duty of service, for it emphasizes the acquisitive motive and the unsocial use of economic power. In all these matters the authors of the book see that their protest is substantially identical with the protest of the labor movement itself.

The book goes on to a more careful inquiry into these objections, and to examination of immediately practicable steps toward its ideal. It avoids one frequent pitfall in the way of those who adopt the moral approach, by acknowledging that many improvements cannot be made *for* labor by others, but must be won by labor fighting for its own rights. In its view of the longer future it is unsure concerning such questions as the abolition of private property in capital goods, but it insists firmly that any change must be accompanied by a development of Christian character in order to be effective, and that what is most necessary is education in cooperation.

And so we confute our writer of newspaper editorials. He is beset by the conclusions of one who has actually experienced the life of the workman, by a candid journalist, by an experienced industrial administrator, by economists and historians, by personnel managers, by a life-long student of the labor movement, and by a group of seventeen of the most respected Protestant clergymen in the country—not one of these authors having the slightest personal stake in unionism, or having a reputation to sustain as an "agitator." Will he budge? Not an inch. He will accept only the accomplished fact. He listens only to practical men—that is, those now in control of industry. Is there not even the slightest chance that those for whom he speaks will disprove the theory of economic determinism by giving way, against their temporary interests, to the power of ideas? It does not seem likely, as we look about the world today. Yet we should be cautious enough to admit the possibility. Those who are trying to educate and persuade the people whom socialists call the "bourgeoisie" deserve every encouragement.

GEORGE SOULE

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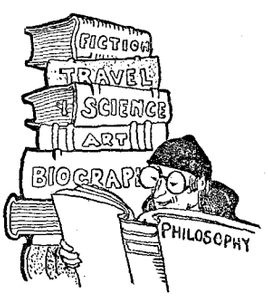

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The American Frontier

The Frontier in American History. By Frederick Jackson Turner. Henry Holt Company.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago Professor Turner, then of the University of Wisconsin, read before the American Historical Association a paper on "The Significance of the Frontier in American History." The paper opened with a quotation taken from a Bulletin of the Superintendent of the Census of 1890, to the effect that the progress of settlement had proceeded so far that now "there can hardly be said to be a frontier line," and that, accordingly, the "discussion of its extent, its westward movement, etc. . . . cannot . . . any longer have a place in the census reports." This brief official statement, said Mr. Turner, "marks the closing of a great historic movement. Up to our own day American history has been in large degree the history of the colonization of the Great West. The existence of an area of free land, its continuous recession, and the advance of American settlement westward, explain American development."

To suggest in a general way how the existence of the frontier might explain American development was the object of Mr. Turner's paper. "In the case of most nations," he said, "the development has occurred in a limited area; and if the nation has expanded, it has met other growing peoples whom it has conquered. But in the case of the United States we have a different phenomenon. Limiting our attention to the Atlantic coast, we have the familiar phenomenon of the evolution of institutions in a limited area, such as the rise of representative government; the differentiation of simple colonial governments into complex organs; the progress of primitive industrial society, without division of labor, up to manufacturing civilization. But we have in addition to this a recurrence of the process of evolution in each western area reached in the process of expansion. Thus American development has exhibited not merely advance along a single line, but a return to primitive conditions on a continually advancing frontier line, and a new development for that area. American social development has been continually beginning over again on the frontier. This perennial rebirth, this fluidity of American life, this expansion westward with its new opportunities, its continuous touch with the simplicity of primitive society, furnish the forces dominant in American character."

Not only did this westward expansion profoundly influence the outstanding issues in American history—the rise of nationalism, the growing detachment from Europe, the slavery struggle; it was above all the persistence of a primitive society on the frontier, above all this "perennial rebirth," that preserved for us our earlier ideals of democracy and gave to us in large share our characteristic intellectual qualities. "To the frontier the American intellect owes its striking characteristics. That coarseness and strength combined with acuteness and inquisitiveness; that practical, inventive turn of mind, quick to find expedients; that masterful grasp of material things, lacking in the artistic but powerful to effect great ends; that restless, nervous energy; that dominant individualism, working for good and for evil, and withal that buoyancy and exuberance which comes with freedom—these are traits of the frontier, or traits called out elsewhere because of the existence of the frontier."

In 1893 this was novel doctrine. Time has not diminished the validity of it, although it has perhaps brought into stronger relief certain traits of American character which we owe in large part to the frontier also. In American mentality a strong sense of freedom is not incompatible with a strong instinct towards conformity, a spirit of intolerance which, under stress, easily rises to the level of fanaticism. The frontier placed a premium upon individual initiative and the quick finding of expedients; but on the whole the initiative required was an initiative working within a rather narrow field, the expedients that needed to be found were expedients that everyone was seeking and ready to use when found. Generally speaking, the initiative which Americans admire is initiative within the sphere of the practical, the material world, the initiative that brings material gain to the individual or practical advantage to the community. Confronted with initiative or originality of another sort, with conduct which the provincial standard regards as "bad," or thinking which that standard regards as "wrong," the first instinct of the American is "to do something about it"; and so it may often happen that his genius for finding expedients is directed to the suppression of those who are sufficiently individual to be in a conspicuous minority.

If we can now see that such traits as these are due to our peculiar environment quite as much as to our English or European inheritance, it is in part because Mr. Turner's original paper on the frontier was to prove an epoch-making event in the investigation of American history. The field which he then sketched he has himself assiduously cultivated for a quarter of a century. The present volume, a collection of monographic studies, articles in periodicals, and addresses before learned societies and at various universities, gives us in convenient form a part of his published work. The high significance of this work has long been recognized by writers on American history; but if the influence of Mr. Turner were to be estimated on the basis of his published work alone, it would be accounted far less than it has in fact been. For a quarter of a century he has been training an army of students; and there are now in our colleges and universities, among the teachers and students of American history, very many men who have been profoundly influenced by his ideas and inspired to fruitful publication by the magic spell of his personality. One who has been long under that spell may not be the best judge; but I think it is safe to say, at least I will venture to say it, that in giving direction to the methods of investigating American history and in furnishing new light for its interpretation, the share of Mr. Turner has been the most profound and abiding of this generation.

More than this cannot reasonably be expected of any man. Yet students of American history, well pleased as they are sure to be to have these now familiar studies in one convenient volume, may be pardoned for still looking forward to some more comprehensive and systematic exposition of our history, or a portion of it, from the point of view which they are so well prepared to understand.

CARL BECKER

The Epic of Dulness

Main Street. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
Poor White. By Sherwood Anderson. B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

THE Middle West gives birth to prophets but also to destroyers. Let it take what brief comfort it can in its Meredith Nicholsons and Booth Tarkingtons. Garnett, Kansas, produced Edgar Lee Masters; Warsaw, Indiana, nurtured Theodore Dreiser; out of Camden, Ohio, came Sherwood Anderson, and out of Sauk Center, Minnesota, Sinclair Lewis. No doubt these towns are careless today of their wild sons. Main Street is bent more closely than ever on its immediate business. But the imaginative record of that business with all its implications is already the most massive in American literature. Suffering and rebellion have wrung from these men of the Middle West an iron authenticity. They bring us—these lovers of beauty once caged in insupportable hideousness—the acute vision of their oppressed and distorted youth. They needed not to observe in order to write; memory and a kind of despair stung them to embody in expression the civilization from which they came. They know it. "It is negation canonized as the one positive virtue. It is the prohibition of happiness. It is slavery self-taught and self-defended. It is dulness made God."

Dreiser alone and at his best remains superior to Sinclair Lewis. He has hours of a more rapt absorption, of a more visionary identification of himself with the objects he renders. Mr. Lewis, on the other hand, has a clearer and more orderly

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intelligence and a precise and cultivated style. Dreiser has the more brooding eye, Mr. Lewis the acuter and more sensitive ear. Thus while his narrative masses are less impressive, his dialogue, which he uses very freely, is brilliant. The exactness of this dialogue is a literary achievement of a very high order. Novelists and playwrights put us off with symbols and adumbrations. Mr. Lewis has given literary permanence to the speech of his time and section. But the dialogue in "Main Street" is anything but literature in the sense of Verlaine; it is living talk. When Dr. Kennicott declares (to take an inferior but brief and quotable example) that "Miss Sherwin in the high school is a regular wonder—reads Latin like I do English," we know where we are. We know that we have heard that very remark in Springfield or Peoria and have heard it from a physician. To produce such authenticity of speech once or twice would be merely clever; never to miss it in four hundred and fifty pages is magnificent.

In building his book Mr. Lewis has not permitted his larger purpose to crowd or distort the things that were actually to be communicated. His thesis is the standardization of the innumerable Main Streets of our small towns, the savorless flatness of that life, the complete substitution of the mechanical for the vital, the tawdry spiritual poverty of a people that "has lost the power of play as well as the power of impersonal thought," and the menacing extension, like a creeping paralysis, of this form of existence, so that the Minnesota Swedes exchange "their spiced puddings and red jackets for fried pork-chops and congealed white blouses," and trade "the ancient Christmas hymns of the fjords for 'She's my Jazzland Cutie.'" He has a stern enough sense of the danger of what Alice Meynell once called "decivilization" and of the incredible arrogance of the actors in that process. He has notes toward an "American Credo" (pp. 152-3 and 244-5) that should be inscribed on tables of brass as both record and warning. But he is never tempted into the didactic or prophetic. His business is with Gopher Prairie, Minn. He makes nothing symbolical; he lets it be so. He neither strays nor preaches. His method is undeviatingly creative; he is secure in the knowledge that to show things truly is to show them up.

His people are many and they have not only mobility, the appearance of gesture and speech that come from an inner impulse; they have the rarer quality of solidity; they detach themselves from the page and are in space, smelling of flesh and hair, cloth and leather. Carol Kennicott, through whose sensitive and feebly rebellious soul we see Gopher Prairie, is not the most exact or convincing. But Dr. Will and Sam Clark, Mrs. Bogart and her son Cy, Vida Sherwin and the "Red Swede," Professor Mott and the Rev. Zitterel—these are all triumphs. There are no minor characters. Some are more involved in poor Carol's adventures and some less. But we know the Harry Haydocks and the Jack Elders and even the Nels Erdstroms as well as we do Guy or Erik. It is a richly peopled world—a world that may become some day like the worlds of Fielding or Hauptmann. Mr. Lewis, unlike the masters with whose beginnings his present work may justly be compared, has done a good deal of shoddy work in his time. Was he not even responsible for a certain play called "Hobohemia"? He is making a full atonement. "Main Street" would add to the power and distinction of the contemporary literature of any country. He must not again forget the responsibility which his talent involves, nor his own sure knowledge that our literature and our civilization need just such books as this.

The appearance of "Main Street" at almost the same moment as "Poor White" tends, somewhat unjustly no doubt, to dull the impression of Mr. Anderson's book. His period is a slightly earlier one; his scene Ohio instead of Minnesota. But his theme is the same; a civilization in which the clutter of cheap and ugly things has crippled and drained dry the souls of men. But where Mr. Lewis shows, Mr. Anderson only tells. And neither his description nor his narrative cling or bite. He shifts his narrative method and changes his point of attack and convinces us of both his earnestness and his knowledge. But neither Columbus nor Bidwell nor the farm are creatively there. The best scenes are the early, Southern ones. Later the sensory perceptions, and hence the vividness of the things to be rendered, seem to become dulled. Hugh McVey, moreover, is romantically and symbolically conceived. Clara is concreter. But the definiteness of both characters and events is blunted by structural looseness and a diction that alternates between the pretentious and the mean. In veracity and intellectual honesty Mr. Anderson's book is incomparably superior to most of our novels. But compared to "Main Street" it lacks fire and edge, lucidity and fulness.

Alaska

A Winter Circuit of Our Arctic Coast. By Hudson Stuck. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Land of Tomorrow. By William B. Stephenson, Jr. George H. Doran Company.

HUDSON STUCK, Archdeacon of the Yukon and the Arctic, was of the tribe that leavens our era, an explorer for souls to save, for bodies to cleanse; a fighting priest who hearkened to the whisper of the weakest of the whites of the tundra and the beach, but who would face the polar bear on the hummocked floe to help one of his charges. Any long-time resident of Alaska realizes the real impossibility of covering in one book a land which from strange frozen seas sweeps south many leagues to warm westward isles where the breath of the Japan current fills the air. But Stuck, in his fourth book on Alaskan travel, wrote an absorbing narrative of a six months' journey by dog-sled round the entire Arctic coast, that bleak top of the world where the ink freezes as it issues from the fountain pen and the winter lights play above vast plains of sterile white.

There is a quiet and peculiar charm, distinctly of the North, in this narrative of what would have been, to many men, monotonous day-to-day travel. To the Archdeacon, whose mind was a storehouse of remembrances, even the grimmest and dreariest incident of the trail was enough to set him off on brief but delightful excursion into the unexpected. When his party comes upon the frozen body of a dog which had been set up on its feet in the snow by the trail, the author records the sniffing of each malamute in his own teams at this grisly Eskimo joke, and then, presto, he is off on the *modus operandi* of the sense of smell; there comes a tantalizing glimpse of Fabre's insect lore and a whiff of musk from the days of Marie Antoinette, before the Archdeacon again "hits the trail." Despite the introduction of much history and some philosophy born of the silent places of the North, the writer was nothing if not practical, and his book, though written primarily to set forth the general condition and needs of the Eskimo, might be used as a handbook on Arctic travel.

He pays tribute to the malamute, without which travel in the Arctic would be impossible, notwithstanding the growing use of reindeer for this purpose in some localities; and there are some sidelights on the sport of dog-racing in the North—notably at Nome. Alaskans, adventurers and gamblers all, must bet on something, and ordinary gambling is denied them by law. The Archdeacon writes with sorrow that the pure-bred malamute is becoming a thing of the past, owing to the crossing with bird-dogs, hounds, and others, in the effort to secure speed. "The malamute dog has been virtually bred out of existence to make a Nome holiday," and the resultant breed, though noted for speed, cannot stand up under the hardships of the long trail.

Archdeacon Stuck in his long, earnest work among the natives of the North did more, perhaps, than any other man to redeem the Eskimo from the debauching influence of the renegade whites of the old whaling days, when there was "neither law of God nor man north of Fifty-three." Of the Eskimos he says they are the "truest, the cheeriest, the most industrious, the most hospitable, and altogether the most winning native people" he

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has any knowledge of. He relates much of interest about their manner of life, their whaling, otter-, seal- and polar bear-hunting, their igloos, education, marriage customs, and dancing. One is rather surprised to learn that the Archdeacon, unlike most of the clergy, was pleased with the native dancing and believed it should be encouraged. Another surprise is that along with the gospel has come the thermos bottle and solidified alcohol, both now considered necessities by the up-to-date Eskimo, and both a great comfort in that frigid country.

Another interesting though quite different book on Alaska is "The Land of Tomorrow," by William B. Stephenson, Jr. Mr. Stephenson was formerly United States Commissioner at St. Michael, an important post near the mouth of the Yukon River. He has written an excellent book of general information about those portions of Alaska where the white man has settled, and with considerable artistry he has managed to put into his book some of the lure, the freedom, and the thrill of life in that land of the last frontier, that country of the will-o'-the-wisp and the blood-red midnight sun that doubles back on its trail when the year is at its full. Along with much valuable information of interest to one intending to settle in the North, Mr. Stephenson gives us Alaska in the summer, with the woods and tundra athrill with flowers and sunshine; the great volcanoes and the vast coal and oil deposits; the fox-ranches and canneries; the copper ledges and gold mines. He tells of the "iron trails" through the wilderness, the result of some of the most brilliant feats of engineering the world has known. He gives us Alaska of the totem-pole and the basket, of old carved ivory and quaint Indian villages hidden in crescent coves. In short, he has written a book which even the Alaskan "sour-dough," who has long ceased to expect that anything true shall be written of his country, would not only read with interest and approval, but would actually go out and buy for himself.

FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Notes and News

THE reference in a *Nation* editorial of the issue of October 6 to certain neglected American books has brought numerous inquiries regarding these books, which it appears are so much neglected that a large number of *Nation* readers have never heard of them. Americans cannot be said to deserve a literature if they overlook what is good in what they have. And yet our critics and guides have been remiss, certainly as remiss as the publishers, who are anxious to give their readers what they want if they want it. John Woolman's Journal is included in Everyman's Library (Dutton), but Samuel Sewall's Diary remains buried in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, from which at least a small volume ought by all means to be extracted for popular amusement. The Scribners have recently published in "Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards" a selection of the writings of those worthies edited by the Literary Editor of *The Nation*. Frank Cushing's "Zuñi Folk Tales" was published by the Bureau of American Ethnology. Davy Crockett's Autobiography is out of print except in various incomplete versions intended for boys, but a new and sound text will be issued about the beginning of the new year. Uncle Remus appears at his best in "Uncle Remus and His Friends" (Houghton Mifflin). The vivid lyrics of Emily Dickinson are published by Little Brown, and those of Father Tabb, who appears from various publishers, may perhaps best be read in a volume of selections issued by Small Maynard. "Typee" and "Omoo" and "Moby Dick" are of course all by that remarkable genius Herman Melville, and are all in the Everyman Library—an English series, Melville having always been neglected by his countrymen. His "Mardi" has never been reprinted since its first appearance in 1849, for all its elaborate quaintness and fantastic energy. Charles Warren Stoddard's "Idyls of the

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SAN CRISTÓBAL de la HABANA *by Joseph Hergesheimer*

WHILE "San Cristóbal de la Habana" is undoubtedly written about the city of Havana, it would be vain to search its pages for the details of government, history, or statistics. It surrenders at the outset all pretence of useful information and improving facts. Here a daiqueri cocktail is more important than the bones of Christopher Columbus—a cigar, perhaps, is the principal monument. A charming figure on a balcony, a tiled patio with myrtles, the insistent music of the danzon, are the bright threads from which it is spun. . . . The record of a happy impression of a city elusively lovely, an affair of marble whiteness under the formal greenery of royal palms on a sea reaching fantastically blue from its promenade wall and parks. ($3.50 *net*)

HUNGER *by Knut Hamsun*

Translated from the Norwegian by George Egerton with an introduction by Edwin Björkman

Hamsun, who has just been awarded the Nobel Prize for 1920, is unquestionably the greatest Scandinavian writer since Ibsen. His books have been translated into twenty-three languages. "Hunger" is his first novel to be published in America. It should bring him the reputation here which he deserves. ($2.00)

PREJUDICES: Second Series *by H. L. Mencken*

Here are discourses on journalism in the United States, on Theodore Roosevelt, on the curious æsthetic moratorium prevailing in the South, on the fundamental psychology of Prohibition, and on the mental processes of the American professor. There is also a very Menckenesque essay on death, and a short section on women—a sort of appendix to the author's *In Defense of Women*. ($2.50 *net*)

THE FORZOI 1920

is a unique and interesting little book, a record of five years' publishing. It contains original contributions (never before published) by Joseph Hergesheimer, Willa Cather, H. L. Mencken, Carl Van Vechten, and others; a Who's Who of Borzoi authors; a catalog of all Borzoi books; and much other valuable matter. Profusely illustrated and attractively printed and bound—and the price is only one dollar.

THE FOUNDATIONS *of* SOCIAL SCIENCE *by James Mickel Williams*

Altogether neglected and yet of greatest importance is the psychological basis of the social sciences—the "human aspect" of modern industrial and political problems; and this is what Professor Williams attacks in a revolutionary yet thoroughly scientific book. Charles A. Beard, comparing it to James Madison's tenth number of *The Federalist*, says: "Nobody can read the book without learning something important. Those who will disagree most violently can learn the most, if they will." ($6.00 *net*)

¶ **The first reviews, which have just commenced to come in, are unusually superlative and point to the importance and distinction of three new publications — YOUTH AND THE BRIGHT MEDUSA, by Willa Cather, author of "My Antonia" ($2.50); MOON-CALF, Floyd Dell's first novel ($2.50); and SEVEN MEN, by Max Beerbohm (first edition 2,000 numbered copies, with six hitherto unpublished illustrations by Max). ($4.00)**

A thirty-two page illustrated booklet on JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER has been printed by Mr. Knopf and may be had on request accompanied by ten cents in stamps to cover postage, or free from any bookseller.

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South Seas" may be read in a Scribner edition with a charming introduction by William Dean Howells. Certain of Thoreau's essays on public affairs are being collected for mid-winter publication. E. W. Howe's "Story of a Country Town" has recently been reissued by the Harpers. Emerson's essay on Illusions is in the volume called "The Conduct of Life"; Hawthorne's Seven Vagabonds may be found in his "Twice Told Tales" and his Ethan Brand in "The Snow-Image." Henry James's remarkable short stories—The Lesson of the Master, The Next Time, The Altar of the Dead—are all in the New New York edition (Scribner). "The Leatherwood God" (Century) is by William Dean Howells; "The Mysterious Stranger" (Harper) by Mark Twain; "Winesburg, Ohio" (Huebsch) by Sherwood Anderson; "North of Boston" (Holt) and "Mountain Interval" (Holt) by Robert Frost; "Mont St. Michel and Chartres" (Houghton Mifflin) by Henry Adams; "Xingu and Other Stories" (Scribner) by Edith Wharton; "Twelve Men" (Boni and Liveright) by Theodore Dreiser; "The Fugitive Blacksmith" (Century) by Charles D. Stewart.

AN ambitious piece of social portraiture is "The Influence of Oversea Expansion on England to 1700," by James E. Gillespie, Ph.D. (Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law: Longmans, Green). The author's interesting ambition is to describe both by generalization and in detail the effect on English manners, morals, industry, philosophy, and art of foreign food, drink, clothing, jewelry, metals, moneys, and ideas during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He handles large quantities of fascinating material with dexterity and good sense.

Drama

Ripeness and Youth

THE firm but intricate dramaturgic pattern of John Galsworthy's "The Skin Game" shows up clearly and beautifully in the production at the Bijou Theater. He has written more resonantly for the stage; he has never written more delicately or precisely. He has never, assuredly, merged the symbolic so completely with the plainly human or an allegory with a plot. That the allegory was there one suspected from the published version of the play; the representation removes all doubt. We shall not say that the Hillcrists are England or the Hornblowers Germany or their conflict the World War. Galsworthy's intention was neither quite so crude nor quite so ambitious. What his imagination saw was a small and transitory quarrel in a backwater of life which was carried on on the same terms, had its origin in the same human traits and circumstances, and led to a similar and undividedly tragic end. The Hillcrists are fine and true, but not fine and true enough to assume the office of arbiters and enemies of change. Hornblower is rude and pushing and swaggeringly ambitious. But his qualities are rooted in profound human needs. He is, after all, but a Hillcrist of several generations ago. Not being glutted, he is hungry. Thus his defeat lends him a tragic quality. To be sure, he fought from the beginning as best he could, and Hillcrist sincerely desired to fight like a gentleman. But it is not long before he and his are likewise hitting below the belt. Neither gentility nor rusticity can stand the fire of conflict. Bitterness and humiliation are its end.

The production is one of the most harmonious that our stage has known. It has, what is so rare, the rhythm of life quickened and abbreviated by art and not the vicious noise of the theater. Thus the figure of Chloe, played by Miss Josephine Victor, is a scarlet splash on the steady and subdued gray of the play's texture. But it is not isolated or heightened to a false prominence. It rises from the life of the action and melts back into that life which goes on briefly but with no loss of significance after the girl's tragic act. No attempt is made, on the other hand, to obliterate the full human presence of characters who, from the point of view of ordinary stage-management, are secondary. Thus it is fruitful to watch here Mr. A. Bowyer's excellent portrayal of Dawker. The man, too, has his intense moment—of a very earthy intensity, no doubt. But that moment is given its full value within the human economy of the play. Mr. Marsh Allen's Hillcrist is a little febrile, but wholehearted and not without charm; Mr. Herbert Lomas's Hornblower has the right impulsiveness and rudeness and exhibits impressively in the last scene the inner hurt from which he suffers. Miss Joan Maclean as Jill is like an arrow—strong and slim and vibrant. She is both sharp and sweet, boyishly virginal yet warmly human. Jill is one of Galsworthy's happiest creations; Miss Maclean's acting of the part is one of the happiest experiences of recent seasons.

It is not a little depressing to turn to the production of Max Halbe's "Youth" at the Greenwich Village Theater. One has difficulty in believing that Mr. Reicher was indeed, as the play bill asserts, responsible for it. The stage-setting and the lighting are good. Everything else is irremediably wrong. As a result the influential critics of the daily press jeered. Why should they not? Their knowledge of the modern drama is unfortunately imperfect; they betray the possession of small French and less German. Mr. Heywood Broun, who is a man of wit and sense, thinks that a good production might have revealed in "Youth" qualities akin to those in "Frühlings Erwachen." As if there could be anything in common between the acrid, neurotic, self-tormenting passion of Wedekind and the elegiac lyricism of Halbe! "Jugend," as a matter of fact, is a play with a touch of immortal beauty. It employs homely devices; it ends absurdly. No one has ever questioned that since its appearance in 1898. But nowhere else in all literature has the sting of adolescence, the pang of youth, its yearning and its pathos, been expressed with a note more clear or piercing. The scenes between Annchen and Hans are in the original magical and haunting. To have been young and then to have heard or read those scenes and have remembered one's own youth—that, too, is a major experience in one's contact with the modern literature of the theater. Perhaps, indeed, it is an experience that goes deeper than one's admiration for the balance, the just perfection, the noble but intellectualized workmanship of "The Skin Game."

But in this production whatever is not blundering is perverse. The atmosphere of the play is as sweet but also as sharp and pure as an early spring wind in a northern land. Father Hoppe is impassioned but self-governed, kindly and sardonic by turns, aglow with virility despite his sixty-two years. That is why he speaks of crushing the Polish priest with his peasant fists. Mr. Adolph Link makes him a sentimental dotard and thus hopelessly wrenches the moral equilibrium of the action from the first. Similarly Halbe's Father Schigorski is a cold and gloomy zealot. But he is honest and sincere. Mr. Reese makes him another sentimentalist and attributes to him a furtive eroticism of which Halbe never dreamed. Thus instead of two men we have two wretched Broadway puppets, blurred, sweetish, and unclean. What chance have the need and bitter purity of youth's instincts in an atmosphere created by a senile sentimentalist and an erotic semi-villain? Miss Lois Churchill as Annchen has moments that are almost girlish; Mr. Sheffield as Hans has a few that recall the pathos of youth's ignorant idealism. But all these moments are brief. Instead of a Gretchen and a young dreamer and lover we have—ugly but unavoidable words—a flapper and a half-back. It is like translating Homer into the fashion of Forty-Second Street. It is Briseis in a "harem skirt," and the young Telemachus with a frat-pin. The spectacle is heartrending and ignoble. Mr. Reicher remains a wise and gifted director and "Youth" one of the most beautiful and moving plays in the world. But to stain and cheaply to sophisticate simple and eternal things is like tricking out violets in spangles or substituting near-beer for dew.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

The British Coal Strike

THE demand made of the Government by the Miners' Federation on July 7, 1920, was for an immediate reduction of 14s. 2d. per ton in the price of household coal, and an advance in wages of 2s. per day flat rate for adults over eighteen years old, 1s. between eighteen and sixteen, and 9d. below sixteen. On July 26 Sir Robert Horne announced for the Government that these terms could not be met, and one month later, August 25-26, the result of the first strike ballot was announced as 606,782 for a strike and 238,865 against. September 25 was decided on by the conference of miners' delegates as the date when the strike was to begin. Meanwhile conferences were being held between the miners' representatives, the owners, and the Government, and on September 17, at the Board of Trade Conference, the Government made a tentative offer of a wage advance based strictly on output. That offer was developed more fully by Mr. Lloyd George in a letter to Mr. Robert Smillie on September 23. This letter, with subsequent letters from Mr. Smillie and the Prime Minister, were printed in the *Daily Herald* (London) for September 24. The text follows.

DEAR MR. SMILLIE: On perusing the report of yesterday's interview I gather the impression that while the Miners' Executive is not averse in principle from basing an increase of wages on output, it has some difficulty in presenting to its delegates a proposal which is at present only in outline.

The Government has great hesitation in attempting to make a detailed scheme for the reasons so well stated by Mr. Smillie —that increased production depends not merely on the miners but on the cooperation of the owners with those who work in the mines. On this ground the Government was and is of opinion that the only satisfactory method of procedure is for representatives of the owners and miners and the Coal Department to sit down together and work out the details. At the same time, I recognize the anxiety of your delegates to know more than at present has been stated, and I add to what I said yesterday the following explanations of what is in the mind of the Government.

There will be fixed certain datum lines on which rates of wages will be calculated in the following way. If output reaches:

x tons wages will be increased by.....1s. per shift
$x + y$ tons ..... 2s. per shift
$x + y + z$ tons ..... 3s. per shift

If after increases have been obtained there are subsequent diminutions of output the increases will come off. It is impossible for us now to say what figures would be represented by these letters. These must obviously be arranged in conference between representatives of the owners, miners, and the Mines Department, but I think it will be apparent, looking to recent figures of output, that there is so much room for improvement that the miners can make a certainty of increased pay.

To give the scheme a beginning the figures of output for October will be taken, and any increase in output will be remunerated according to the arrangements set out above, as from October 1, payment being made retrospectively.

These, as you will understand, are only the general outlines of a scheme which might come into effect for the next quarter. There are many other factors which will require further determination for the purposes of a permanent scheme, but these can be adjusted by yourselves and the owners in consultation with the Mines Department.

The results of a coal strike would be so serious, both for the miners themselves and the whole country, that I am anxious to make sure that it will not occur on any misunderstanding, and if there is anything in this communication of which you desire an explanation, the Government will be glad to give it.

D. LLOYD GEORGE.

DEAR MR. PRIME MINISTER: Your letter of even date delivered by hand was duly placed before our Executive Committee today.

We thank you for the additional information and for the explanatory comment contained therein.

Our Committee fully understood from their interviews with both yourself and Sir Robert Horne the nature of your proposals for the future regulation of wages in our industry. We must state, however, that the creation of a scheme for the permanent regulation of wages is a question of such magnitude as demands much thought and attention. Many meetings of the interests concerned would be necessary and the consent of our membership secured before any scheme could be adopted. Our Executive repeat their assurance to the Government that when the present wage claim is disposed of they will be prepared to undertake an inquiry into the whole wage system prevailing in the industry with the view of putting it upon a modern basis, and which will have to receive the approval of the men as a whole.

ROBERT SMILLIE,
FRANK HODGES.

DEAR MR. SMILLIE: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter in reply to the communication which I sent you this morning.

Although a scheme for the permanent regulation of wages in the coal industry might take a little time to arrange, the proposal of the Government involved a plan which could be made immediately operative, and would give to the miners an increased rate of wages in return for an enlarged output, which, as you yourself are confident, can be readily obtained.

The plan proposed would meet your "present wage claim," and in our belief would give to the miners great and permanent advantages, whilst contributing to the prosperity of the community as a whole. If, however, you still reject this suggestion, I would remind you that a peaceful method of settling the wage claim is still open to you by a means similar to that which is adopted by the railwaymen and the majority of your colleagues of the Triple Alliance.

D. LLOYD GEORGE.

The miners having previously withdrawn their demand for a decrease in the retail price of coal published their revised offer in the *Manchester Guardian* for October 1. The owners' offer was printed on the same day.

MINERS' OFFER

1. The Executive Committee of the Miners' Federation agree that an increase in the output of coal is essential to the well-being of the country.

They agree that output can be improved by mutual goodwill between the owners and workmen, and to give practical effect to this good will agree to the setting up of national and district committees to obtain an increased output.

2. As a temporary measure and until a permanent scheme for the national regulation of wages by means of a national wage board has been agreed upon between owners and workmen, the workmen's side agrees to the principle of a datum line.

3. For the purposes of the present claim of 2s., 1s., and 9d. per shift respectively the output for the current (September) quarter shall be accepted as the datum line. This increase to date as and from July 14, 1920.

If the output during the month of October shows an increase which yields a tonnage at the rate of 244 million tons per annum, an additional advance of 6d. per shift, with a propor-

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tionate increase for youths and boys, shall be payable from November 1.

When the output in any succeeding month has reached a figure which yields a tonnage at the rate of 248 million tons per annum, then a further increase of wages of 6d. per day, with a proportionate increase for youths and boys, respectively, shall be payable as and from the first day of the month following.

4. The number of shifts in respect of which these increases in wages are paid shall be as in the case of the Sankey wage.

5. These proposals as to the payment of increased wages are based upon the existing number of men employed at the collieries.

6. The period from October 1 to December 31 next is to be regarded as an experimental financial period, and the proposals now submitted are to be subject to review in the light of the financial results obtained from the operation of this scheme.

7. The proposed system of relating wages to output to apply to all members of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain.

OWNERS' OFFER

1. If during the first fortnight in October there is evidence that the output is in process of materializing at the rate of 242 million tons per annum, an output bonus of 1s., 6d., and 4½d. per day, respectively, will be given;

if at the rate of 250 million tons, the output bonus shall be 2s., 1s., and 9d. per day, respectively, and

if at the rate of 260 million tons, the output bonus shall be 3s., 1s. 6d., and 1s. ½d. per day, respectively—all as from October 1.

If, however, it is found that at the end of October the respective outputs before referred to have been forthcoming, the corresponding output bonus will be paid as from October 1 in respect of such output. For the purpose of ascertaining the annual rate of output a fortnight's output shall be multiplied by twenty-six.

2. An adjustment having been made in respect of the output bonus found to be payable as against the rate of output produced in the period of the first fortnight in October or for the whole month of October, thereafter periods of four weeks shall be taken upon which future adjustments of output bonus shall be based in relation to the corresponding output herein agreed upon, and the output bonus thereby determined shall be paid as from the commencement of the first pay following the close of that period until the output bonus is again revised under the scale of output and bonus hereby agreed.

Within the principle herein laid down it would be understood that the output bonus determined in respect of the month of October would apply during the month of November pending the ascertainment of figures at the end of the four weeks referred to. The ascertainment of the figures for November will determine the output bonus applicable to December.

3. The number of shifts in respect of which this output bonus payment is paid shall be the same as in the case of the Sankey wage.

4. These proposals as to the payment of an output bonus are based upon the existing number of men employed at the collieries.

5. The period from October 1 to December 31 next is to be regarded as an experimental financial period, and the proposals now submitted are to be subject to review in the light of the financial results obtained from the operation of the scheme.

6. The proposed system of output bonus payment is confined to colliery workers.

7. It is suggested that the objects sought to be obtained by this scheme will be better secured by the application of percentage advances in place of flat rate advances.

8. The owners are prepared to cooperate with the men to the fullest extent in setting up the necessary committees—district and national—to obtain an increased output.

The strike notices had been suspended for one week, to October 2, and on October 1 the miners' delegates decided to suspend them still further, and to take a second ballot on the owners' offer. Mr. Smillie urged acceptance of the offer, but on October 11-12, when the second ballot was taken, the vote stood 181,428 for acceptance and 635,098 against. Every effort at fairness was apparently made, the owners' offer having been stated in full on the reverse side of the ballot. When the result of the vote was announced the miners' delegates decided that October 16 must stand as the date for the termination of the strike notices. Mr. Smillie notified the Prime Minister of this decision. His letter and Mr. Lloyd George's reply, published in the London *Times* for October 15, are reprinted below.

DEAR MR. PRIME MINISTER:

We are instructed by a conference of the above Federation to inform you of the ballot vote of our membership, which resulted in 181,428 for accepting the owners' offer and 635,098 against the owners' offer; or a majority of 77.78 per cent of the total vote are against the owners' offer.

In view of this overwhelming majority the conference, which is in session today, decided that the notices which have been suspended on two occasions in response to your request, should expire on Saturday next, 16th instant, and that a cessation of work should take place after that day with a view to securing an advance in wages of 2s. per shift for persons of eighteen years and upwards, 1s. per day for persons between sixteen and eighteen years of age, and 9d. per shift for persons under sixteen years of age.

On behalf of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain,

ROBERT SMILLIE, President.
FRANK HODGES, Secretary.

DEAR MR. SMILLIE:

I have received with the greatest possible regret your intimation that a conference of the Miners' Federation has today decided that work should cease throughout the coalfields of this country next Saturday, with a view, as you put it, "to securing an advance in wages."

It is impossible to conceive of any action more likely to bring about a serious disaster to the trade of this country, especially when it is recollected that at the present time industry is confronted with great and increasing difficulties, and the prospect of unemployment amongst the masses of our people is causing grave anxiety. Nor is it only in these isles that the injurious effect of your action will be felt. Many struggling peoples on the continent of Europe are today dependent upon the supply of coal which this country is in a position to give to them, and it is impossible to exaggerate the privations and hardships which a cessation of their supplies will bring upon them.

The Government has exhausted every effort to prevent this calamity. We have suggested to your Federation two possible remedies.

In the first place, we proposed that your claim to an increase of wages should be referred to a tribunal peculiarly fitted to deal with the matter with complete impartiality, and experience and knowledge of similar questions. Such a method of settlement is now very familiar in this country, and indeed it is the means of decision which would most readily recommend itself to civilized communities. Many other of the great trade unions of this country have their wages questions settled in this way, and the majority of your brethren of the Triple Alliance resort to such an arrangement for the decision of similar questions which affect them. It is significant, in connection with the present difficulty, that some of the most prominent leaders of your Federation favored this method of settlement and that their proposals were supported by a very large body of opinion in your delegates' conference.

In the second place, we put before you a means by which your members could be assured of the increased wage which they ask

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by giving the country once more the measure of output which the mines yielded in the first quarter of this year. You will readily understand the position of the Government in this matter, because you yourself have acknowledged, on behalf of your Federation, the anxiety which you feel over the declining output of coal. It is very unfortunate that recent increases in wages have been followed almost automatically by a reduced production. In order to arrest this decline, fraught with so much danger to our trade and commerce, we were willing to make what some would regard as a generous arrangement, so that the miners should have an increased incentive to give the country the benefit of a larger supply of coal. To the same end, we obtained a pledge from the coal owners that they would provide every possible facility in the way of equipment and development. If this plan had been approved by your members, it would at once have benefited them and the great mass of our people; it would have increased the revenue of the country and lowered the cost of living; it would have provided cargo for our outgoing ships and helped to pay for the commodities which, as an island people, we must import. I cannot express too strongly my disappointment that this proposal has been rejected in your recent ballot. . . .

In facing the trials which the decision of your conference today has imposed upon our people, the country will no doubt be fortified in its determination to endure, by the fact that the proposals made by its elected Government have received the support of the most responsible and experienced minds within your Federation. . . .

D. Lloyd George.

In the course of a speech to the Welsh National Liberal Federation on October 8, before the result of the second ballot was known, Mr. Lloyd George discussed the position of the Government on the coal situation. The excerpt printed below is taken from the London *Times* for October 9.

. . . If you won't mind me digressing for one moment I will refer to a controversy which is going on at the present moment, and I should like to say one word about it. There was a danger at one time that the three industries which are more intimately concerned with the vital necessities of life in this country than probably any others—the miners, the railwaymen, and the transport workers—should combine in a great hold-up of the community. I cannot think of any greater peril that the community could face. Well, I will tell you quite simply my view about it. I am all for strict fairness, for justice, for equity in dealing with every demand which comes from men who contribute to the wealth of the nation, but I am equally resolved that, whatever happens, you cannot surrender the rights of the community to any minority, however powerful. If a minority can hold up the community by denying to them the necessities of life, there is an end of democratic government in this country. . . .

I am very glad to see signs of reason and common-sense prevail. There are two methods of settling the controversy. One is by the decision of an impartial tribunal—which is the means which civilization has imposed in all disputes between individuals and sections of the community, and I hope to see it imposed upon nations. The other method suggested, and on which the miners are balloting at the present moment, is that there should be an increase of wages corresponding to the increase in the output. Unfortunately, the increase in wages up to the present has resulted in a decrease in the output, and a very serious [illegible]se, and the community suffered. All we ask for is that the miners shall produce the same quantity of coal as they had produced the first quarter this year, which shows that it can be done. The miners would then get their 2s. each. If they still increase, they will get their half a crown a day extra, and if they still increase, they will get an increase of 3s. But it is in return for something that they give to the community. . . .

British Trade with Soviet Russia

THE text follows of the draft trade agreement between Great Britain and Soviet Russia. The agreement was made public on October 4 and has not yet been ratified by the British Government.

Whereas it is desirable in the interest both of Russia and of the United Kingdom that peaceful trade and commerce should be resumed forthwith between these countries, and whereas for this purpose it is necessary pending the conclusion of a formal treaty between the Governments of these countries, by which their permanent economic and political relations shall be regulated, that a preliminary agreement should be arrived at between the Government of the United Kingdom and the Russian Soviet Government,

The aforesaid parties have accordingly entered into the following agreement, without prejudice to the view which either of them may hold as to the legal status of the other, and subject always to the fulfilment of the conditions specified in the British note dated June 30, 1920, and accepted in the telegram from the Russian Soviet Government, dated July 7, 1920, with regard to the mutual cessation of hostilities and propaganda directed against the institutions or interests of the other party, and the repatriation of prisoners.

1. Both parties agree to remove forthwith all obstacles hitherto placed in the way of the resumption of trade between the United Kingdom and Russia in any commodities (other than arms and ammunition) which may be legally exported from or imported into their respective territories to or from any foreign country, and not to exercise any discrimination against such trade as compared with that carried on with any other foreign country.

Nothing in this provision shall be construed as overriding the provisions of any international convention which is binding on either party, by which the trade in any particular article is regulated.

2. British and Russian merchant ships, their masters, crews, and cargoes shall in ports of Russia and of the United Kingdom respectively, receive in all respects the treatment, privileges, facilities, immunities, and protection which are usually accorded by the established practice of commercial nations to foreign merchant ships, their masters, crews, and cargoes, visiting their ports.

Provided that nothing in this Article shall impair the right of either party to take such precautions as are authorized by their respective laws with regard to the admission of aliens into their territories.

3. Each party may nominate such number of its nationals as may be agreed from time to time as being reasonably necessary to enable proper effect to be given to this agreement, having regard to the conditions under which trade is carried on in its territories, and the other party shall permit such persons to enter its territories, and to reside and carry on trade there, provided that either party may restrict the admittance of any such persons into any specified areas, and may refuse admittance to or sojourn in its territories to any individual who is persona non grata to itself, or who does not comply with this agreement, or with the conditions precedent thereto.

Persons admitted in pursuance of this Article into the territories of either party shall, while residing therein for purposes of trade, be exempted from all compulsory service whatsoever, whether civil, naval, military, or other, and from any contributions, whether pecuniary or in kind, imposed as an equivalent for personal service, and shall have right of egress.

Persons admitted into Russia under this arrangement shall be permitted freely to import commodities destined solely for their household use or consumption.

4. Either party may appoint one or more official agents to reside and exercise their functions in the territories of the other,

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who shall enjoy all the rights and the privileges set forth in the preceding article, and also immunity from arrest, provided that either party may refuse to admit any individual as an official agent who is persona non grata to itself, or may require the other party to withdraw him should it find it necessary to do so on grounds of public interest or security. Such agents shall have access to the authorities of the country in which they reside for the purpose of facilitating the carrying out of this agreement and of protecting the interests of their nationals.

Official agents shall be at liberty to receive and dispatch couriers with sealed bags subject to a limitation of three kilograms per week, which shall be exempt from examination.

The official agents shall be the competent authorities to visa the passports of persons seeking admission, in pursuance of the preceding Article, into the territories of the parties.

5. Each party undertakes to insure generally that persons admitted into its territories under the last two Articles shall enjoy all protection, rights, and facilities which are necessary to enable them to carry on trade.

They shall be at liberty to communicate freely by post, telegraph, and wireless telegraphy, and to use telegraph codes and ciphers, under the conditions and subject to the regulations laid down in the International Telegraph Convention of St. Petersburg 1875 (Lisbon Revision of 1908).

Each party undertakes to account for and to pay all balances due to the other in respect of terminal and transit telegrams in accordance with the provisions of the said International Telegraph Convention and Regulations.

6. Passports, documents of identity, Powers of Attorney, and similar documents issued or certified by the competent authorities in either country for the purpose of enabling trade to be carried on in pursuance of this agreement, shall be treated in the other country as if they were issued or certified by the authorities of a recognized foreign government.

7. The preceding Articles shall continue in force until the expiration of six months from the date on which either party shall have given notice to the other of its intention to terminate them. The parties mutually undertake even in the event of such notice having expired, to continue to afford all the necessary facilities for the completion or winding-up of any transactions entered into in pursuance of such Articles.

8. The Russian Soviet Government hereby declares that it recognizes its liability to pay compensation to British subjects in respect of goods supplied or services rendered to it or to the former Government of Russia, or to Russian citizens, for which payment has not been made owing to the Russian Revolution. The detailed mode of discharging this liability, together with all other questions with regard to the liability of each of the parties towards the other party or its nationals, shall be regulated by the treaty referred to in the preamble.

The British Government makes a corresponding declaration.

9. In consideration of the declaration in the preceding Article the British Government hereby declare that they will not take or encourage any steps with a view to attach or to take possession of any gold, securities, or commodities (not being articles identifiable as the property of the British or of any Allied Government) which may be exported by Russia in payment for imports or as security for such payment, on the ground of any claim against Russian citizens, or against the Russian Soviet Government, or against the former Government of Russia.

10. The Russian Soviet Government undertakes to make no claim to dispose in any way of the funds of the late Russian Government in London. The British Government gives a corresponding undertaking as regards British Government funds in Petrograd.

This Article is not to prejudice the inclusion in the formal treaty referred to in the preamble of any provision dealing with the subject matter of this Article.

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